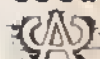


COWBOY WESTERN  
PRESENTS WILD BILL HICKOK

COWBOY WESTERN

presents

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE



AUTHORITY

68

ALL NEW  
PAGES

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GREAT  
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VALUE

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# Wild Bill Hickok

and

## SINGLES

MARCH

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

4



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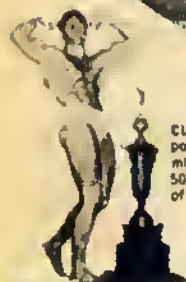
"The Muscle Builder"  
"Trainer of The Champions"

## THE \$10,000 CHALLENGE ONLY JOE WEIDER DARES TO MAKE!

**MY GUARANTEE!** Use my system for training and you will gain twice as much muscle and triple your power in less than Half The Time it would take if you followed any other method

### "MR. AMERICA" "MR. UNIVERSE"

CLANCY ROSS, world's best developed man, says "You can be a mountain of mighty muscles with power oozing out of every pore in your power packed fat-charged body! Do what I did — what thousands of other Herculean Weider trained champions did — follow Weider as your leader — mail that coupon for your FREE TRIAL COURSE TODAY!"



CLANCY ROSS: Mass of power-laden muscles — mighty 20-lb. arms 50-inch chest, shoulders of iron a yard wide!

ONLY 7 SHORT WEEKS TO  
THAT DYNAMIC, RUGGED HE-MAN  
BODY YOU ALWAYS WANTED

**ADD 3 INCHES OF STEEL-LIKE  
MUSCLES TO YOUR ARMS...  
4 "POWER PACKED" INCHES OF MUSCLES TO YOUR CHEST!**

Says JOE WEIDER, "The Muscle Builder" and "Trainer of the Champions"

**I**N half the time, with twice the ease, in the privacy of your own room, in just a few minutes daily, I will, through my **TRIPLE PROGRESSION COURSE**, slap inches of steel muscles to your pipe stem arms, pack your chest with power and size, give you life guard shoulders, dynamic, speedy athletic legs — add Jet-Charged strength to every muscle in your body. I don't care if you're

short or tall, skinny or fat, office-worker, laborer, school-boy, or businessman, I must make a new virile he-man out of you and also help build "inner strength" that will give you that virile look that women admire and men envy. Here's what I did for Clancy Ross, one of the many thousands of weaklings I turned into He Men.

**Don't miss this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity  
LET ME PROVE TO YOU, AT MY  
OWN EXPENSE, EVERYTHING  
I SAY CAN BE DONE!**

**IRIE MUSCLE BUILDING TRIAL OFFER.** Fill out coupon and mail to me. I'll rush you my **GIANT 32 page course**, filled with exercises, training secrets, heroic photos of mighty champions and private advice on how you can become a muscle star last! This sensational offer is good only to males between 13 and 65 in normal good health.



**NOTHING TO BUY!  
YES, THAT'S RIGHT!**

## A-C-T-I-O-N

**IS THE KEY TO STRENGTH! MAKE YOUR FIRST  
HE-MAN DECISION TO-DAY!** Rush in this coupon for your free trial course. You have nothing to lose but your weakness.

**AMAZING FREE TRIAL OFFER**

JOE WEIDER  
801 Palisade Avenue Union City, N. J.

Dept. CH-12A

Shed the wiles, Joel! Rush me my **FREE INTRODUCTORY POWER PACKED, MUSCLE BUILDING COURSE** it enclose only 10¢ to cover cost of handling and mailing. I am under no obligation.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

COWBOY WESTERN

Volume 1, Number 67

MARCH, 1968

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(Printed in U.S.A.)

# Wild Bill Hickok

AND *Jungles*

## TRAPPED in the BADLANDS

**WILD BILL HICKOK**, THE FAMOUS FRONTIER MARSHAL, HAD ISSUED A STERN ORDER... NO ONE WAS TO WEAR GUNS WHILE WALKING THE STREETS OR TRANSACTING BUSINESS INSIDE THE TOWN OF HAYS CITY! BUT WHEN THE STRANGER DEFIED THIS ORDER, HE STARTED A CHAIN OF EVENTS WHICH WERE TO TAKE THE COURAGEOUS MARSHAL INTO THE FORBIDDEN BADLANDS, WHERE ANY LAWMAN WAS RISKING HIS LIFE AT THE HANDS OF BUSHWHACK GUNSLINGERS!

YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR TROUBLE, STRANGER! AN' YUH BETTER RIDE OUT, BEFORE THE MARSHAL SEES YUH'RE CARRYIN' A GUN!

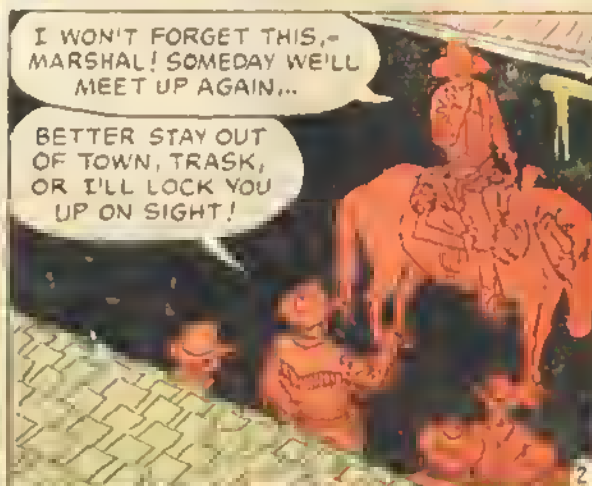
NO LAWMAN'S GONNA MAKE ME CHECK MY IRON!

I'M BULL TRASK... I'M TOUGH AN' I MAKE MY OWN LAWS!

I'M THE LAW IN HAYS CITY, HOMBRE... NOW TURN OVER YOUR IRON AN' GO ALONG YOUR BUSINESS!

DON'T GIVE ME ORDERS, LAWMAN!

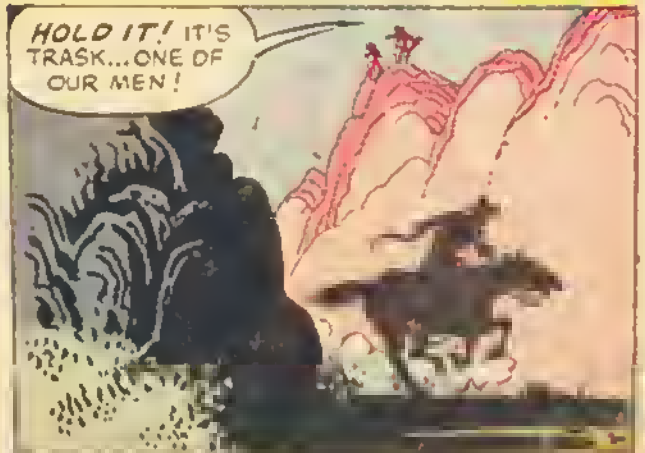
# COWBOY WESTERN



# COWBOY WESTERN



VOWING VENGEANCE, THE ANGRY TRASK HEADED THROUGH THE CORRIDOR OF HIGH BOULDERS WHICH LED TO THE NOTORIOUS "BADLANDS"...



# COWBOY WESTERN

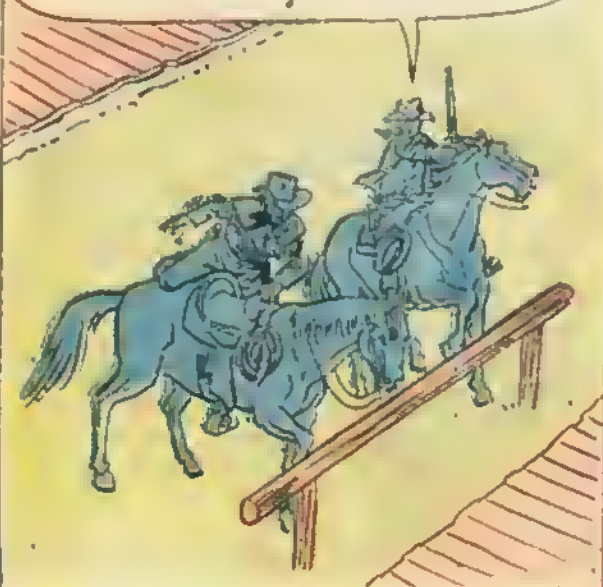
"BIG MIKE" MURDOCK'S RUSTLING OPERATION  
STARTED THREE DAYS LATER!



"THEY STRUCK ABOUT AN HOUR AGO... OUTNUMBERED US THREE TO ONE! SOME OF OUR MEN WERE HIT... WE HAD TO RUN FOR IT, BACK TO THE RANCH HOUSE!"



I RECKON THEY GOT AWAY WITH AT LEAST  
FIVE HUNDRED HEAD OF PRIZE STEERS!



NO RANCHER CAN TAKE A LOSS THAT BIG!  
THIS WILL BREAK OLD MAN PURDY!



# COWBOY WESTERN

SOON, AT THE PURDY RANCH...



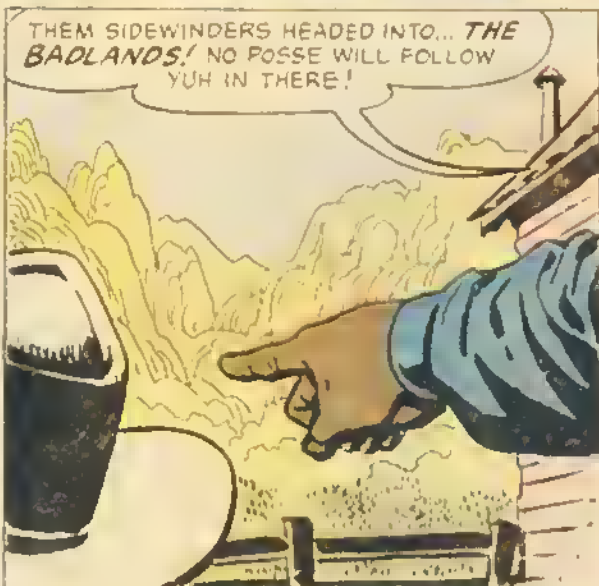
THEY GOT  
CLEAN AWAY,  
MARSHAL... AN'  
MY HERD WAS  
READY FOR  
MARKET TOO!

FIVE HUNDRED HEAD WILL SLOW  
'EM DOWN, MISTER PURDY! I'LL  
GET UP A POSSE...

WON'T DO  
ANY GOOD,  
MARSHAL!



THEM SIDEWINDERS HEADED INTO... **THE  
BADLANDS!** NO POSSE WILL FOLLOW  
YUH IN THERE!



YOU'RE RIGHT... A  
POSSE COULD BE  
PICKED OFF BY AN  
AMBUSH, WAITING  
AT BOULDER PASS!  
BUT THERE'S  
**ANOTHER** WAY...  
WHERE'S YOUR  
**WORKSHOP**,  
MISTER PURDY?



I'M GOING INTO **THE  
BADLANDS...**  
**ALONE!**

**WHAT?** ARE YUH  
LOCO, MARSHAL,  
YUH'LL NEVER  
COME OUT!

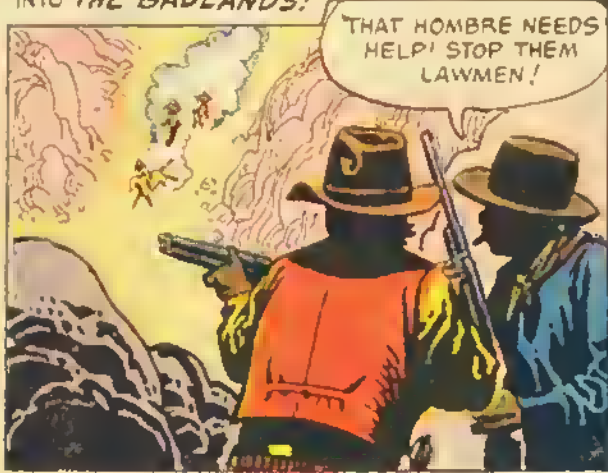


I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES! WE'LL CUT STARS  
OUT OF THIS SHEET OF METAL... THEN TWO  
"LAWMEN" ARE GOING TO **CHASE** ME...  
**INTO THE BADLANDS!**



# COWBOY WESTERN

A FEW HOURS LATER, TWO OF "BIG MIKE" MURDOCK'S GUARDS WATCHED WITH INTEREST, AS TWO "LAW OFFICERS" CHASE A "FUGITIVE" INTO *THE BADLANDS*!



THAT HOMBRE NEEDS HELP! STOP THEM LAWMEN!

THEY'RE TOO FAR AWAY TO DROP!

NO MATTER... WE'RE SCARIN' 'EM OFF, ANYWAY!



IF THE LAW'S ON YOUR TAIL, YOU'RE WELCOME, STRANGER!

THANKS... I FIGURED I'D GET A FAIR DEAL IN *THE BADLANDS*!



GET BACK TO YOUR POST, LUKE... I'LL TAKE THE STRANGER TO MEET "BIG MIKE"!

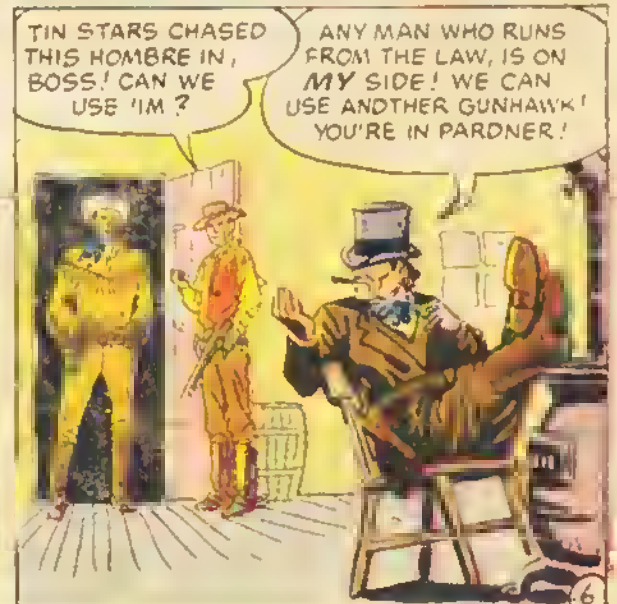


MY LUCK'S HOLDING... I FIGURED THIS GANG JUST MOVED IN AND *DON'T* KNOW I'M THE LOCAL MARSHAL! I WON'T BE RECOGNIZED!



TIN STARS CHASED THIS HOMBRE IN, BOSS! CAN WE USE 'IM?

ANY MAN WHO RUNS FROM THE LAW, IS ON *MY* SIDE! WE CAN USE ANOTHER GUNHAWK! YOU'RE IN PARDNER!



# COWBOY WESTERN

I BROUGHT MY GANG HERE FOR ONE REASON... TO CLEAN OUT A HERD THAT'S RIPE FOR MARKET... WE DID THE JOB TODAY!



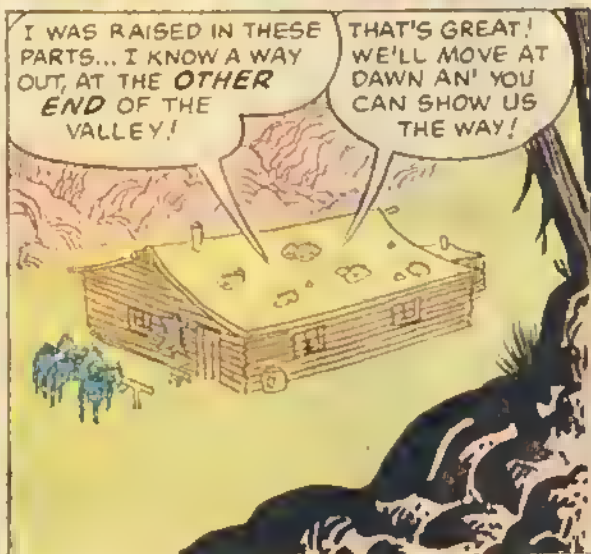
TOMORROW WE'RE DRIVIN' THE HERD AWAY... BUT WE MIGHT HAVE TO SHOOT OUR WAY OUT OF HERE!

THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY...



I WAS RAISED IN THESE PARTS... I KNOW A WAY OUT, AT THE **OTHER END** OF THE VALLEY!

THAT'S GREAT! WE'LL MOVE AT DAWN AN' YOU CAN SHOW US THE WAY!



THE FRONTIER MARSHAL STAYED AWAKE ALL NIGHT... AND AT LAST AT SUNRISE, BIG MIKE SENT FOR HIM!

YOU THE NEW MAN? "BIG MIKE" WANTS...



HEY... YOU'RE THE **MARSHAL** OF HAYS CITY! YUH TRICKED THE BOSS!

TRASK HE'LL GIVE ME AWAY!



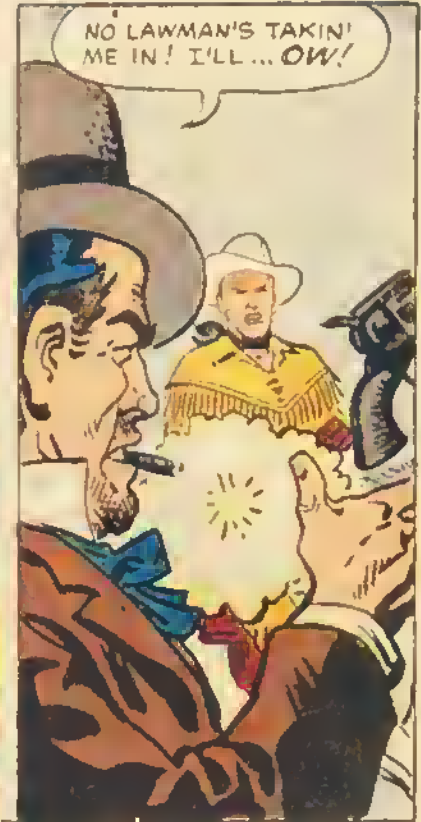
I SAID WE'D MEET UP AGAIN SOMEDAY! I'M GONNA... **OH!**

YOU'RE GOING TO SLEEP LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO SPRING MY TRAP ON "BIG MIKE!"



# COWBOY WESTERN

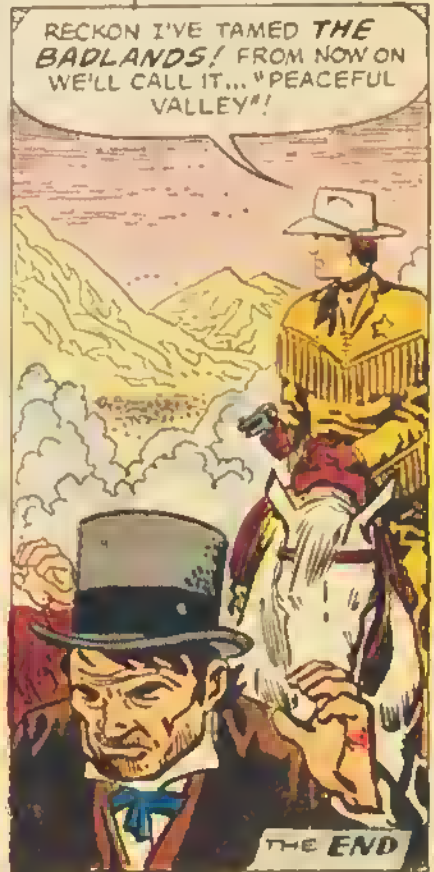
SOME TIME LATER, MARSHAL HICKOK WAS LEADING THE OUTLAW GANG THROUGH AN EXIT PASSAGE AT THE OTHER END OF THE VALLEY...



HEMMED IN BY THE MILLING CATTLE, THE OUTLAWS HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO SURRENDER!



THE MARSHAL PICKED UP BILL TRASK, ON THE WAY BACK THRU THE VALLEY TO BORDER PASS...



# COWBOY WESTERN

## Wild Bill Hickok

AND

## Jingles

IN A TOWN WHERE A CLEAN SHIRT WAS RARE, WILD BILL AND JINGLES MADE THEIR DEBUT IN FAUCY DRESS! THEY LOOKED LIKE TIMMORNS AND THE JEERING HARGCASES WERE RIDE FOR TROUBLE! BUT THE TOWN-TAMING MARSHAL PROVED THERE WAS HARD STEEL BENEATH THE SILKEN FRILLS!

## FULL DRESSED MARSHAL

NO FAUCY-PANTS  
LAWMAN'S GONNA  
...UGH!

DOU' T ROUGH 'EM  
UP TOO MUCH,  
JINGLES!

YAHOO! I BEEN  
ITCHIN' TUN DO  
THIS ALL  
NIGHT!



AN URGENT TELEGRAM FOR HELP BROUGHT WILD BILL HICKOK AND JINGLES TO DIGGERSTOWN! WILD BILL HAD HEARD OF THE PLACE!

HEY, HICKOK, YUH BETTER HAVE  
A RETURN TICKET! ICE CREAM  
MARSHALS DON'T  
LAST IN OUR  
TOWN!

LEHME BUST  
'IM ONE,  
BILL!



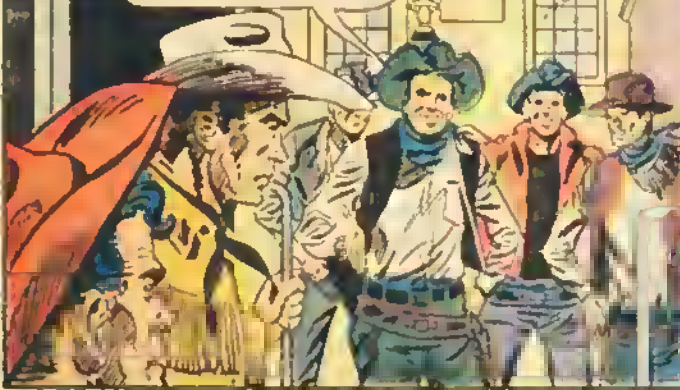
SLOW DOWN, JINGLES! HE'S  
RIGHT... DIGGERSTOWN IS  
TOUGH! AND THE PARTY  
THEY'VE ARRANGED FOR  
US TONIGHT WON'T HELP  
A BIT!



# COWBOY WESTERN

A DELEGATION WAS WAITING AT THE STATION...AS TOUGH A BUNCH AS COULD BE FOUND WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI!

LOOK, BOYS! THESE DUDES ARE GONNA QUIET US DOWN! HA, HA! GO BACK WHERE YUH CAME FROM, HICKOK! DON'T LET 'EM THROUGH, BOYS!



THEY'RE NOT BLOCKING ME, UGLY, YOU ARE! NOW, MOVE!



DON'T RILE ME, HICKOK!

I KNOW YOU, JUG McGUIRE... AND YOU DON'T SCARE ME! TAKE YOUR HAND OFF YOUR GUN OR I'LL CONFISCATE IT!



THE GANG FOLLOWED THEM TO THE HOTEL! THEY DIDN'T WANT LAW AND THEY SHOWED IT!

PREW! THAT BUNCH IS PRIMED FOR TROUBLE!

WAIT'LL THEY SEE US IN OUR SILK-FRILLED SHIRTS!



WHAT, BILL YUH WOULDN'T DO... OH NO!

HURRY UP JINGLES! WE'RE THE GUESTS OF HONOR AT THIS SHINDIG!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

LET'S GO, JINGLES! REMEMBER-- ACT LIKE YUH WEAR THESE DUDES EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK! DON'T ACT FLUSTERED!

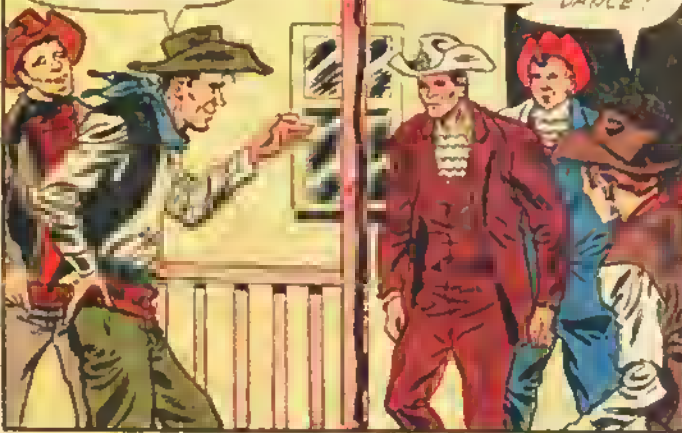


# COWBOY WESTERN

JUG McGUIRE AND HIS BUNCH WERE WAITING! THEY JEERED, AND BEVEATH THEIR JEERS THERE WAS MENACE!

HEY, FANCY-PANTS, YUH GOIN' TO A TEA PARTY?

THEY GOT DANCIN' SUITS ON, BOYS -- LET'S MAKE 'EM DANCE!



PLAY 'EM A WALTZ, BOYS!



START THE MUSIC, BOYS, I'LL JOIN IN! HOW ABOUT IT, McGUIRE?

NOT NOW, NICKOK!



THE TOWN COUNCIL WAS WAITING! MORACE WILKES WAS THEIR SPOKESMAN!

YOU INSISTED ON HIRIN' NICKOK, GENTS! HERE HE IS, FANCY DUDS AND ALL!

WILKES ORDERED US TO WEAR THE FULL DRESS SUITS, MEN! MAYBE YOU DON'T KNOW IT, BUT WILKES IS THE REAL OWNER OF THE GAMBLING SALOONS AND DANCE HALLS HERE!

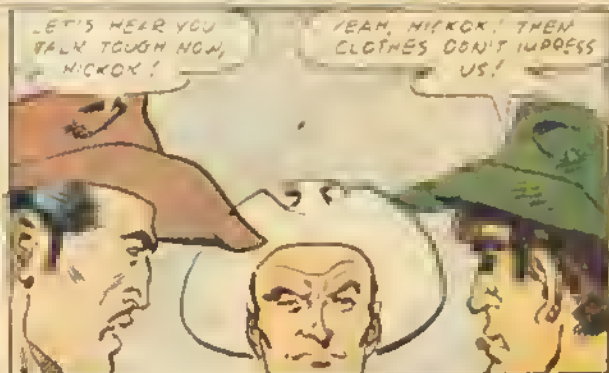
THAT'S A LIE!



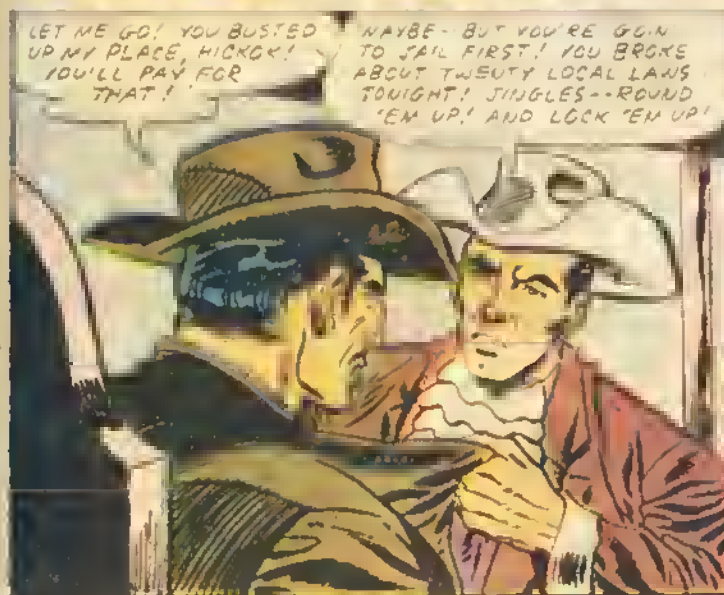
I HAD A FEW RECORDS CHECKED AT THE STATE CAPITOL! HE'S THE BULLY-BOY WHO GIVES McGUIRE'S GANG THEIR ORDERS! WELL, HE SENT FOR ME AT YOUR INSISTENCE! I'M GOING TO GIVE HIM LAW AND ORDER... WHETHER HE LIKES IT OR NOT!



# COWBOY WESTERN



# COWBOY WESTERN



END

# LOOK KIDS! Big Powerful MAGIC MAGNIFIER

for your very own!  
**IT'S FREE!**  
JUST MAIL COUPON



**MAGNIFIER  
SENT ABSOLUTELY  
FREE!**



## JUST CLIP AND MAIL COUPON for FREE Magnifier, Big Catalog and Order of Salve

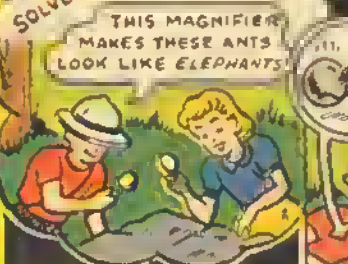
Yes, we'll send you the MAGIC MAGNIFIER absolutely FREE! Also, we'll send Salve, Pictures and Big Catalog showing dozens of wonderful premiums you can have. Cumulative Fishing Outfit, Dolls, Bicycles, Radios, Watches, etc. Sent postpaid! SIMPLY GIVE pictures with WHITE CLOVERINE brand SALVE easily sold to friends, relatives and neighbors or like a Tube (with Picture). Rush coupon to start!

# MAIL COUPON BELOW! FIND OUT HOW WE GIVE YOU

## MANY WONDERFUL PREMIUMS or CASH

MAGIC MAGNIFIER COMES TO YOU FREE! ACT NOW!

MAGIC MAGNIFIER HELPS  
**BETTY & JIM**  
SOLVE BIG "JEWEL MYSTERY!"  
WHILE "BUG WATCHING."

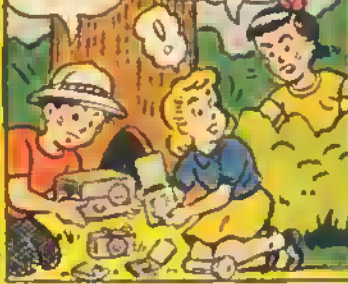


WOW! THIS ONE'S LUGGING A BIG PEARL! YES, AND HERE'S HIS TRAIL! LET'S FOLLOW IT!

WHY IT LEADS TO THIS OLD TREE TRUNK!

GOLLY! THERE'S THE WHOLE NECKLACE, A RADIO, A WATCH, A CAMERA...

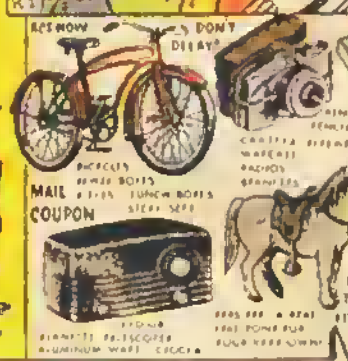
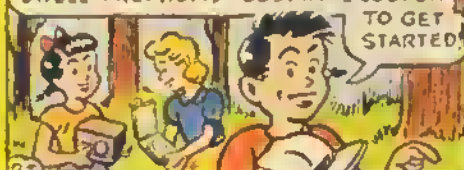
THIS MUST BE A ROBBER'S HIDING PLACE! OH NO IT ISN'T...



-THAT'S MY SECRET HIDE-OUT FOR ALL THE SWELL PREMIUMS I EARNED SELLING WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE TO MY FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS!



YES, ANY BOY OR GIRL CAN EARN SWELL PREMIUMS - JUST MAIL COUPON TO GET STARTED!



**MAIL COUPON - Magnifier sent FREE!**

Wilson Chemical Co. Dear 99-1, Tyrone, Pa. Ours Gentleman, Please send me enclosed in return, all pictures with 10 tubes of White Cloverine Brand Salve to sell for \$50.00 a tube (with picture) and return amount given to me 30 days after a premium or 1000 Cash Commission as explained under Premiums wanted in Catalog sent with order. postage paid to state. Be sure to send me 1913 MAGIC MAGNIFIER.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_  
ST. \_\_\_\_\_ BOY \_\_\_\_\_  
TOWN \_\_\_\_\_ PHONE NO. \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_  
PO BOX 1951  
NAME 1913 \_\_\_\_\_

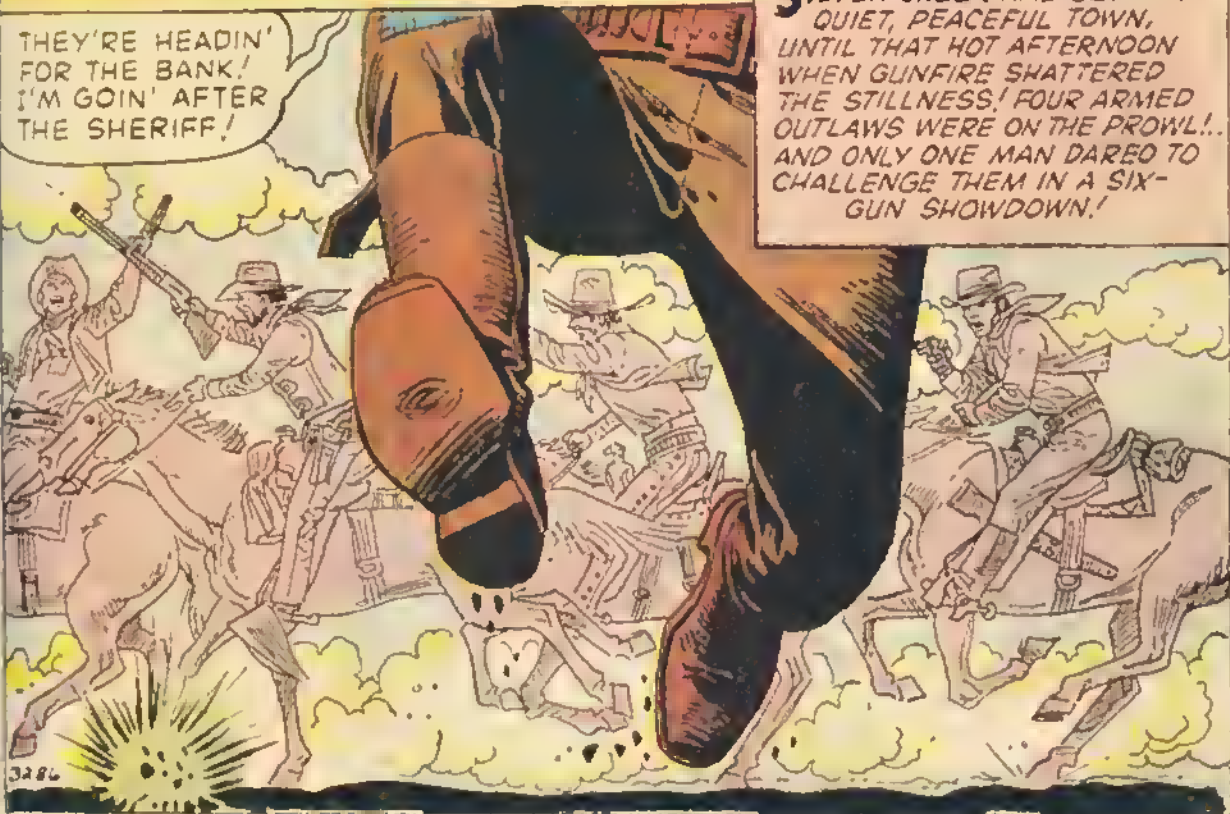
Pay coupon on post, paid or mail in this day today

WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. 99-1, Tyrone, Pa.

# MARKED MEN!

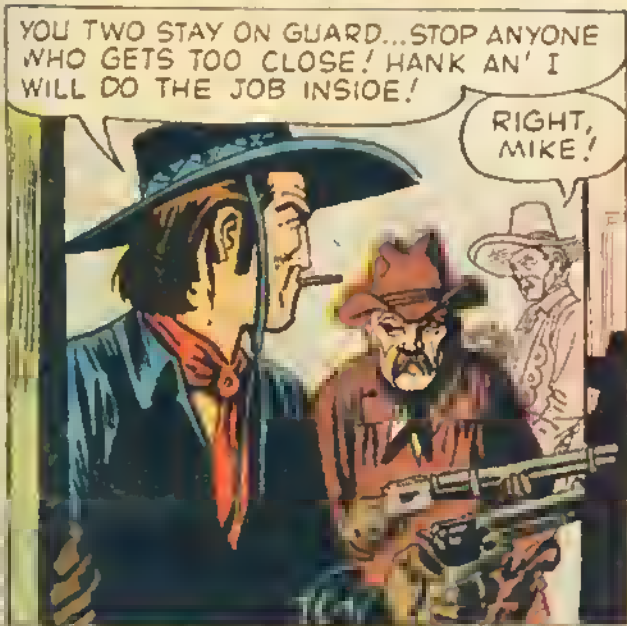
THEY'RE HEADIN'  
FOR THE BANK!  
I'M GOIN' AFTER  
THE SHERIFF!

**SILVER CREEK** HAD BEEN A  
QUIET, PEACEFUL TOWN,  
UNTIL THAT HOT AFTERNOON  
WHEN GUNFIRE SHATTERED  
THE STILLNESS! FOUR ARMED  
OUTLAWS WERE ON THE PROWL!  
AND ONLY ONE MAN DARED TO  
CHALLENGE THEM IN A SIX-  
GUN SHOWDOWN!



YOU TWO STAY ON GUARD...STOP ANYONE  
WHO GETS TOO CLOSE! HANK AN' I  
WILL DO THE JOB INSIDE!

RIGHT,  
MIKE!



FILL THIS SACK,  
PRONTO! NO TRICKS  
AN' NO ONE WILL  
GET HURT!



# COWBOY WESTERN

AS THE GANG'S LEADER WATCHED THE CASHIER FILL HIS SACK WITH MONEY, MIKE TAYLOR WAS THINKING ABOUT THE DRAMATIC SCENE WHICH HAD TAKEN PLACE THREE DAYS BEFORE...

MY HALF-BROTHER IS A FOOL! HE COULD'VE BEEN ON THIS HAUL!



"I HADN'T SEEN DAN IN OVER A YEAR... FINALLY TRACKED HIM DOWN TO THE RANCH HOUSE WHERE HE SETTLED WITH HIS WIFE..."

**KNOCK KNOCK**

I'LL GET IT, MARY!



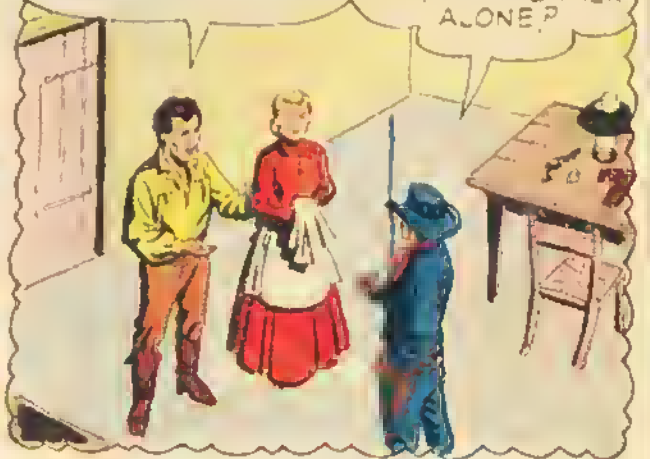
MIKE! I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN YUMA!

I SERVED MY TIME AN' WAS RELEASED... DECIDED TO LOOK UP MY KID BROTHER!



THIS IS MY WIFE, MARY... I TOLD YUH ABOUT MIKE, DEAR...

THEN YUH KNOW I'M A JAIL BIRD! DAN, CAN WE TALK ALONE?



I'M PLANNIN' TO TAKE THE BANK IN SILVER CREEK... HOW ABOUT COMIN' IN WITH ME, DAN?

WHAT!! YOU DARE COME HERE AND ASK ME TO JOIN YOU IN COMMITTING ROBBERY?



GET OUT! THE TIME YOU SERVED IN YUMA SHOULD'VE TAUGHT YOU A LESSON! BETTER FORGET THAT BANK AND GO STRAIGHT!

YUH ALWAYS WAS LAW-ABIDIN', DAN! WELL, I HAVE OTHER FRIENDS I C'N TURN TO!



# COWBOY WESTERN

THAT HAD SEEN THREE DAYS AGO... AND NOW MIKE TAYLOR WAS FULFILLING HIS THREAT IN SPITE OF DAN'S ADVICE AND WARNING...

THAT DOES IT!  
LET'S GO, HANK!



NOT A PEEP OUT OF THE LOCAL FOLKS. MIKE! YUH SURE PLANNED THIS JOB PERFECT!



HOLD IT, BOYS! LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE GOT A NOTION TO STAND UP TO US!



DAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO FORGET ABOUT ROBBING THE BANK, MIKE?



I WARNED YOU TO GO STRAIGHT!

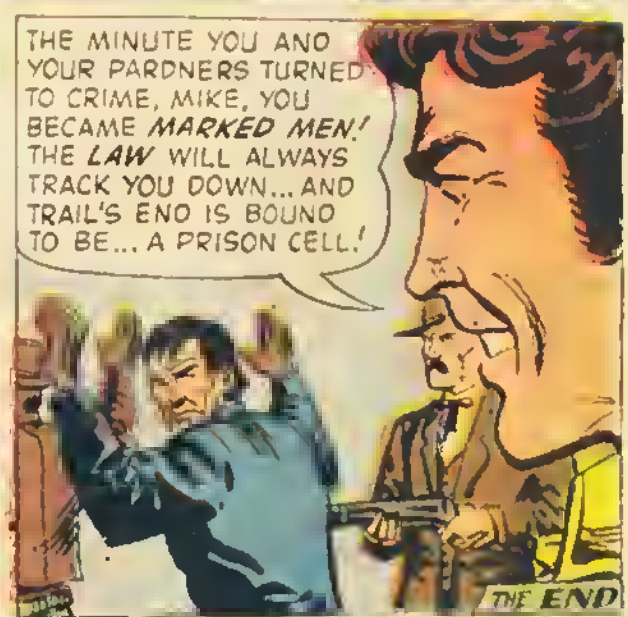
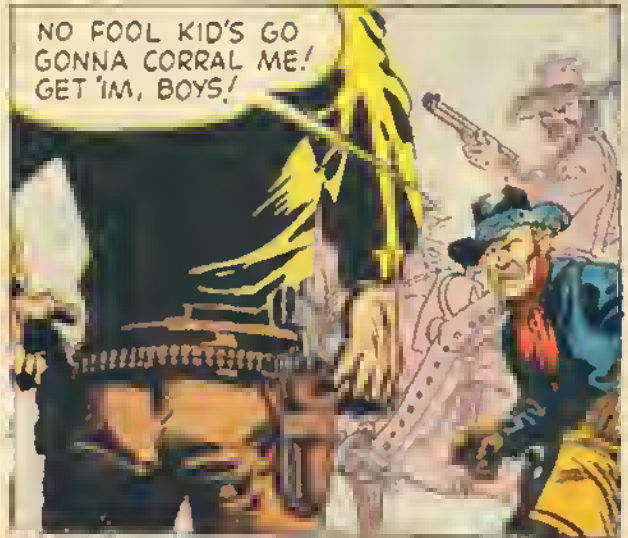
YUH TALK MIGHTY BIG FOR A YOUNG PUP...



I JUST CAME IN FROM THE RANCH... I DON'T WEAR THIS UNLESS I'M ON DUTY!



# COWBOY WESTERN



# AMAZING PRECISION MINIATURE SECRET CAMERA

Takes secret pictures! Easily carried in the palm of your hand  
only 2 x 1/4"



Easily concealed under a flower in your lapel. While they're flattered, you're photographing. Won't they be surprised. So many other ways to conceal also.

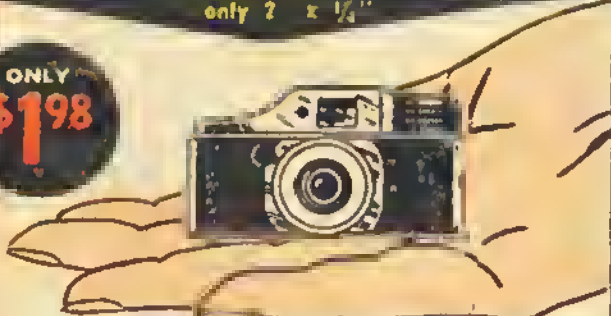


Your girl friend and other beautiful beauties will all take to their natural poses and make a swell pin-up collection. Through a glass is just one of the many ways to go about it.

## LOOK! FREE!

Order right away and receive FREE one roll of fresh film enough for 10 pictures. Additional film available at only 35c per roll of 10 exposures.

ONLY  
**\$1.98**



A precision built camera that is so amazingly small it is less than 1/2 the size of a regular pack of cigarettes and can be taken everywhere you go. It weighs only 2 1/2 ounces and is solid all metal construction with chrome trim. It's got a professional eye level view finder and a single action 1/25th second and time exposure shutter with a precision ground lens that assures you a clear, sharp instantaneous picture. It takes ten pictures per roll on low cost film (standard 16 MM). Makes for beautiful enlargements. So compact and precision made, it can be hidden anywhere and takes true-to-life "spy" pictures that should really provide you with loads of fun and interest. Only \$1.98 complete with a free roll of film. Don't delay! Order now.

Some exciting event will be around. You're not alone. Or, maybe your camera is home just when the gum is your head and the picture away. No bulky camera with the bulk. Fits any pocket. It will take and goes into action instantly.



Any job, paper, or document you'd like to have on outline all just take out a roll of cigarettes and snap away. It's simple, you learn to handle them's late of other clever ways too.

## 10 DAY FREE TRIAL

We know you'll have so much fun and excitement with your Secret Camera that we offer it to you at 10 Days Free Trial. Use it and if you're not 100% delighted with its performance, return to us and your money will be refunded in full.

## MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

**HONOR HOUSE PRODUCTS CORP.** Dept. CA-29  
35 Withus St.  
Lynbrook, N. Y.  
Push my Secret Camera and free roll of film for \$1.98 at once. If I am not 100% delighted I may return it after 10 Days Free Trial for prompt refund of the full purchase price.  
☐ I enclose payment. Some Money Back Guarantee.  
☐ Send C.O.D. I will see salesman on delivery plus a few cents postage.  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

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## NAVAL 24 POUNDER.

The famous American gun that kept the enemy away from our shores! This easy to build, all plastic model kit contains 56 pieces!

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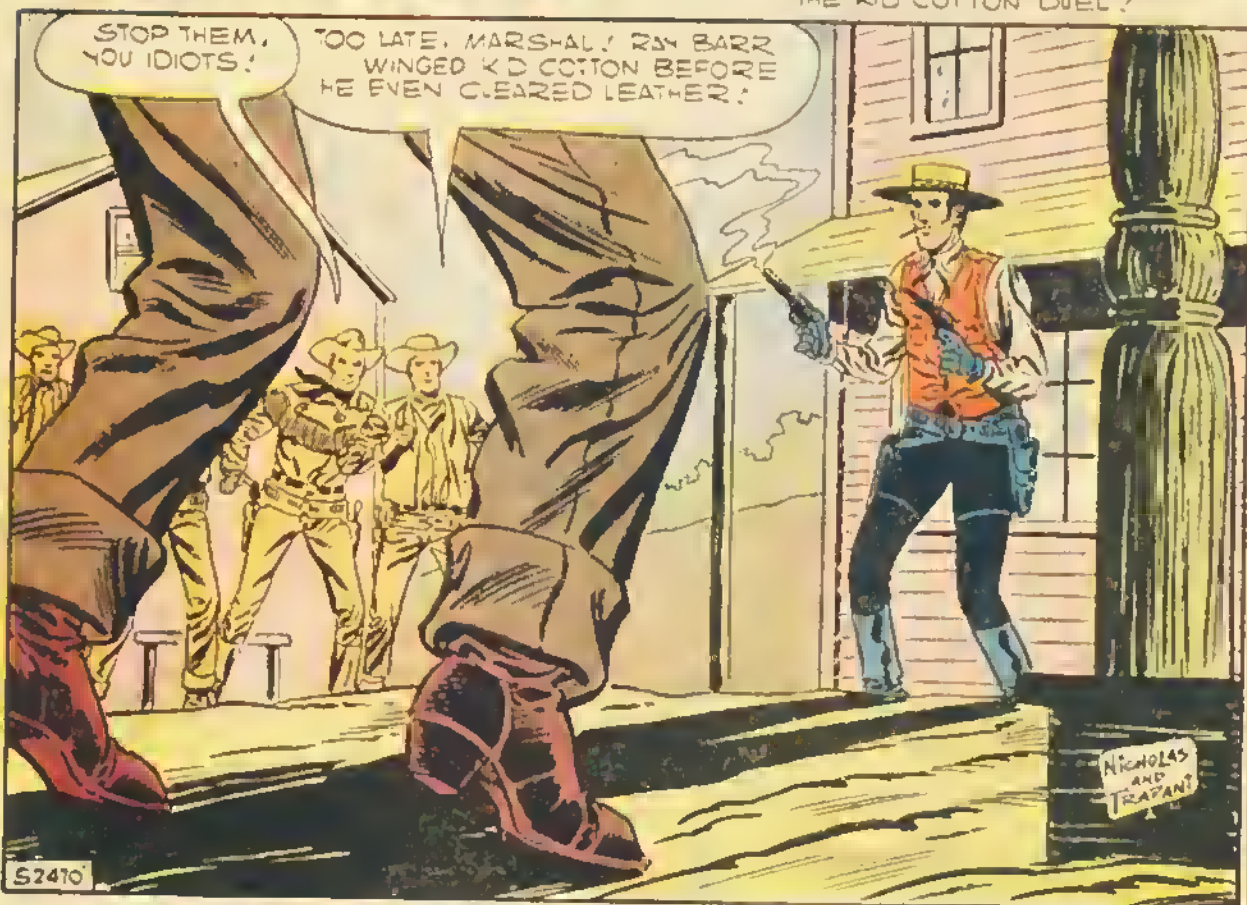
Canadian and Foreign orders add 20c each per gun and send International Money Order.

# COWBOY WESTERN

in **INVINCIBLE**

## Wild Bill Hickok AND WINGLES

HE CAME OUT OF THE RIMROCK WHERE EVERY MAN WAS A QUICK-DRAW ARTIST... AND HE WAS THE FASTEST OF THEM ALL! AWED WITNESSES SAID HE COULDN'T BE BEATEN WITH A COLT... AND WILD BILL HICKOK WAS ALMOST READY TO BELIEVE THEM AFTER THE KID COTTON DUEL!



THERE WAS NOTHING MARSHAL HICKOK COULD DO. A DOZEN WITNESSES HAD HEARD KID COTTON CHALLENGE THE BRASH KING OF THE BADLANDS...



# COWBOY WESTERN

STAY OUTA MY WAY, MARSHAL! THERE'S NO CHARGE AGAINST ME -- IF YUH STEP ON MY TOES, I'LL PUSH!

I'LL ENFORCE THE LAW, BARR. THAT'S ALL!

JUST REMEMBER, MAR... OOOOF!

I DON'T LIKE CIGAR SMOKE, BARR! REMEMBER THAT!

RAY BARR HAD CASH, LOTS OF IT! AND A GANG OF SHADY CHARACTERS FLOCKED TO HIM FAST! HE HAD EVERYONE BUFFALOED.

ONE MOMENT, FRIEND! DON'T DRINK THAT!

WHAT? WHY NOT? I PAID FOR IT!

I SAID NOT TO, FRIEND! I'M BUYIN' THE DRINKS TODAY!

NOT FOR ME, STRANGER! NOW BACK OFF!

THE PINCHER WAS IN TROUBLE AND HE KNEW IT! BARR WANTED GUN-PLAY AND THE OTHER WAS NO GUNSLINGER...

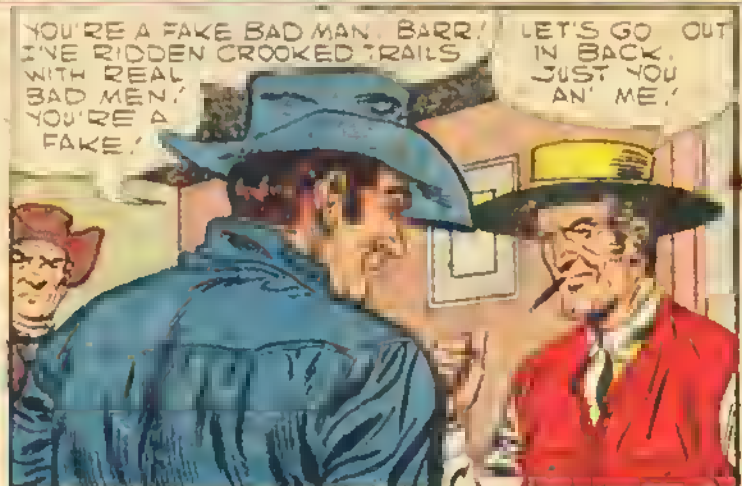
DON'T GIMME I.D., SONNY! APOLOGIZE OR I'LL Wipe THE FLOOR WITH YUH!

N-NO, YUH! WON'T, MISTER!

I WARNED YUH! NOW GO FOR...

HOLD IT, BARR! TRY IT AND I'LL PLUG YUH!

# COWBOY WESTERN

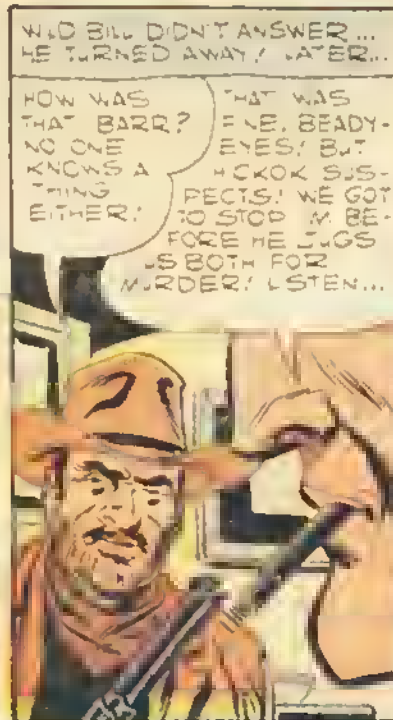


# COWBOY WESTERN

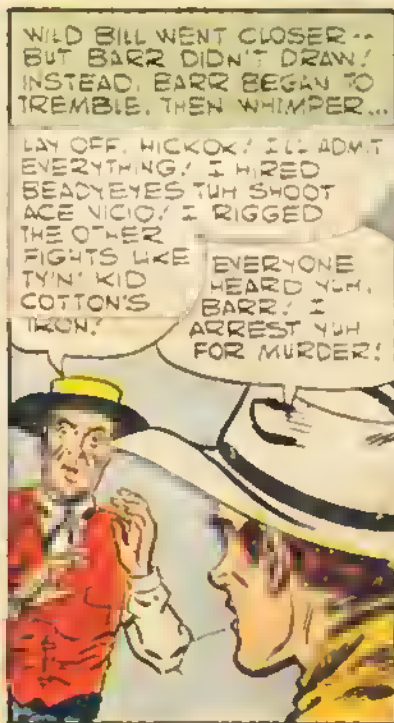
THEY WERE BOTH OUTLAWS AND NO ONE WOULD MOURN EITHER! BUT THE MEN LISTENING FINCHED AS THREE SHOTS BOOMED FROM OUTSIDE...



ACE VICIO HAD RIDDEN HIS LAST CROOKED TRAIL. BILL EXAMINED ACE'S GUN...



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## SOME SADDLE

Twice during the month of July, 1876, the stage from Deadwood to Blakerville had been held up by three armed and masked road agents. They relieved the passengers only of their money. Then they took all the revolvers and rifles aboard the coach. These weapons were later found near the side of the road at Turner's Crossing.

Sheriff Frank Kellor of Deadwood met with City Marshal Jim Bell at Fort Sill. Law and order was going to be maintained and the guilty men caught. Of that they were more than certain as they awaited the arrival of a third law man. A room had been given to them at Fort Sill by Colonel Gilbert.

Late in the afternoon a man walked into that room and both law men rose to greet him. The man wore a long Prince Albert coat. From his hips swung his two pearl handled Colts .45. The famous law man of the West smiled as he greeted his two friends.

"Good to see the two of you. I was out on the Coast for the past month in official business. I spoke to Mr. Davis Chusman, president of the Western Overland Route, and we have a very simple system that certainly will baffie those road agents. The next stage leaves in three days from Deadwood. Suppose we go there and you will watch part of the plan in operation."

The three law men discussed other matters. They remained at Fort Sill over the night and left for Deadwood the next morning. They arrived there late at night and all went to Sheriff Kellor's home. There they stayed until an hour before the stage was due to leave for Blakerville. Then the three law men went to the waiting room of the coach company. Mr. David Chusman greeted them and then spoke to

the nine passengers who were seated on comfortable chairs.

"I have no wish to alarm you. There is a possibility that this stage may be stopped by road agents. All of you are carrying money upon your persons. This is what we are going to do. We will give you personal bank drafts upon the Second National Bank of Blakerville. We will also notify the stage driver to see that you get all your meals without paying for them at the various stations along the route. We will make no charge for the bank drafts."

The amount you pay for the ticket includes the meals. Notice that you carry no money on your person. So you have nothing to worry about."

The stage left on time and all the passengers followed the advice given to them.

"Somebody is going to get an unusual surprise if the stage should be held up," smiled City Marshal Jim Bell. "There is nothing to steal!"

The stage was not stopped. The same idea was tried with the next five stages that left. The last of the five was held up by three road agents. When they discovered that not one of the passengers had a cent on his or her person, they were baffled. They followed the stage coach for half a mile and then cut across the desert and vanished. When the stage reached Blakerville, City Marshal Jim Bell learned what had happened. He immediately went to the Tumpkins Hotel where the Prince Albert Kid was staying.

"Come on with me over to the stage office. There's an old lady who wants to speak to you. She's a retired school teacher. A Mrs. Edna Horton. She came out here to live with her married daughter. She says she ob-

served something that might be of interest and of help in catching the road agents. She is waiting for you."

A gray haired middle aged woman smiled as she met the famous law man of the West.

"I have read all about you," she complimented him. "How you have helped to bring law and order into the territory. I always taught my students to be observant. So I used my two eyes and my two ears.

One of those road agents remained, on his horse. He did not hold the reins of the other two horses. It was the two dismounted men who looked through our purses and packages. Why was that man mounred? There must be some reason why he too didn't dismount. So perhaps you have a clue there.

They followed the stage coach for about half a mile. Sometimes this man on the horse, whom I figure was the leader, rode at the side of our stage. I heard a peculiar noise from his saddle. Like a swish-swash, Hush-Bush. Rather musical. If that man were to ride on his horse again and on that saddle, I could identify the sound."

The Prince Albert Kid didn't reply for a few minutes. He was doing some quick and important thinking.

"There are rewards totalling two thousand dollars for information leading to the capture of those road agents," he told Mrs. Edna Horton. "I will remain here for the next three days. You go and visit your daughter. Then on the third day we will have a comfortable wagon to take you for a trip of about thirty miles to Willersstown. There is a very famous saddle maker there. Perhaps he can figure out why those noises were made."

Mrs. Edna Horton went to see her daughter, her son-in-law, and her grandchild. She was excited about what had happened. And there was a gleam in her eye as she said.

"I may be a retired school teacher but I don't think I am exactly retired. I am going to help the Prince Albert Kid."

City Marshal Jim Bell hired a very comfortable buggy from the livery stable. He drove it with Mrs. Edna Horton at his side. The Prince Albert Kid rode on his horse. They made the trip in several hours. Robert Padget, maker of the well known Padget Saddles, was pleasantly surprised to meet the three unexpected visitors. Mrs. Edna Horton explained to him the sounds. She even hummed them. In his work shop he had many saddles. He moved the stirrup straps up and down on one saddle.

"If the Prince Albert Kid will follow directions and put this saddle on his horse, I think we can duplicate those sounds."

The law man changed saddles and did as he was told. He stretched his two legs all the way

down and slightly under the horse. Then he rode up and down on the horse.

"That's almost the same sound," exclaimed an excited Mrs. Edna Horton. "What causes it?"

"The rider is a rather tall man," explained the saddle maker. "He is trying not to show his height. He is stretching his legs down. There should be a rub near the bottom of the saddle. Since he was so tall, he didn't get off his horse. It is even possible that the other two men with him use pads underneath their saddles. That would make the two men look about the same height as the other man when they rode their horses."

The two law men then went to visit Sheriff Jed Lemkins of Willersstown.

"We are looking for a rather tall man," said the Prince Albert Kid. "He might be about six foot three, four or five. He would also have two friends smaller than himself. Know such a man?"

"I do," replied Sheriff Jed Lemkins. "Gus Wiley is your tall man. His two friends are Mike Ramerson and Phil Hartwood. Gus Wiley lives by himself in a cabin over the ridge. I'll saddle up and go with you."

It was an hour drive to Gus Wiley's cabin. They felt it best to leave Mrs. Edna Horton in the sheriff's office. When they arrived at the cabin, Gus Wiley was chopping some wood.

"If you gentrs want some hot coffee, I'll have it soon on my stove for you," he said.

"Just want to see your saddle," replied The Prince Albert Kid.

Gus Wiley offered no protest. He was puzzled and soon gave the saddle to the famous law man of the West. It was examined and then handed to the other two law men. They all saw the rub near the bottom of the saddle.

"Would you put this on your horse and ride exactly the way you did when you held up the stage coach?" asked the Prince Albert Kid.

Gus Wiley turned a deadly white. He didn't know just what to say. Finally he burst out in anger.

"So Mike talked! I bet he thought he could get part of the reward money. It was all his idea. And it flopped. We weren't cut out to be robbers."

"No man is cut out to be a criminal," interrupted the Prince Albert Kid. "You and your friends will have a lot of time in jail to ponder over that."

Mrs. Edna Horton insisted that Mr. Padget take half the reward, because he had actually interpreted the clues.

"A wonderful woman," admitted the Saddle Maker. "I'm a widower and she's a widow. Guess I should call on her."

THE END

# COWBOY WESTERN

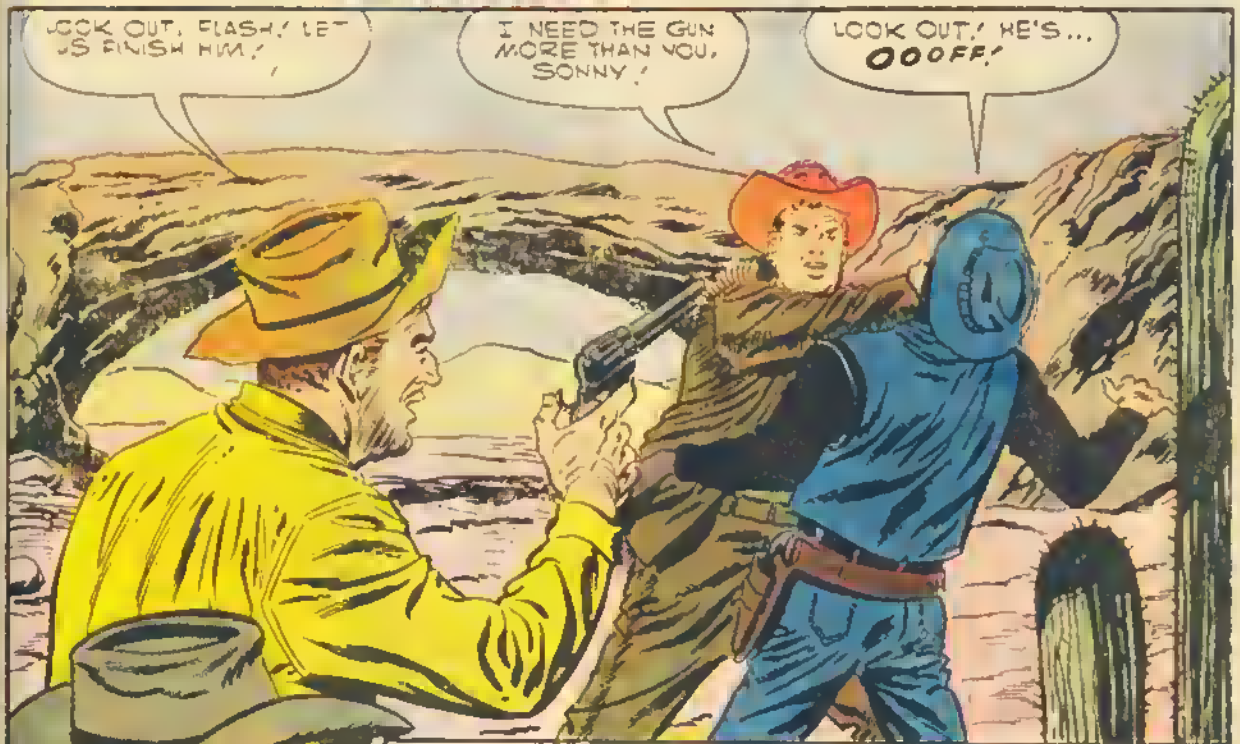
# Jingles

AND

# Wild Bill Hickok

# in 'WANTED'

WILD BILL HICKOK AND JINGLES WERE RESPECTED AROUND TOWN... BUT WHEN YOUNG, POPULAR CURRY AMES WENT DOWN BEFORE JINGLES' ROARING GUNS, THE RESPECT TURNED TO FEAR, AND THE LAWMEN WERE WARNED NOT TO USE THEIR COLTS AGAIN, AND EVERY GUNMAN THE FIGHTING LAWMEN HAD EVER BUCKED CAME, THEIR SIXGUNS READY TO COLLECT THE BOUNTY...



LOOK OUT, FLASH! LET US FINISH HIM!

I NEED THE GUN MORE THAN YOU, SONNY!

LOOK OUT! HE'S...  
OOOFF!



A FEW DAYS BEFORE, JINGLES HEARD THE USUAL PAYDAY RIOT START IN FINCH WALKER'S CAFE. HE WAS ON HIS WAY TO BREAK IT UP.

I'M A CURLY WOLF! JINGLES AIN'T AGOIN' TUH JUG ME TODAY!

HOLD IT, CURLY! YOU'RE NOT AFRAID OF JINGLES, ARE YUH?



ME AFRAID OF THAT OVER-STUFFED LAW-MAN? I'LL FIGHT HIM ANY TIME HE SAYS!

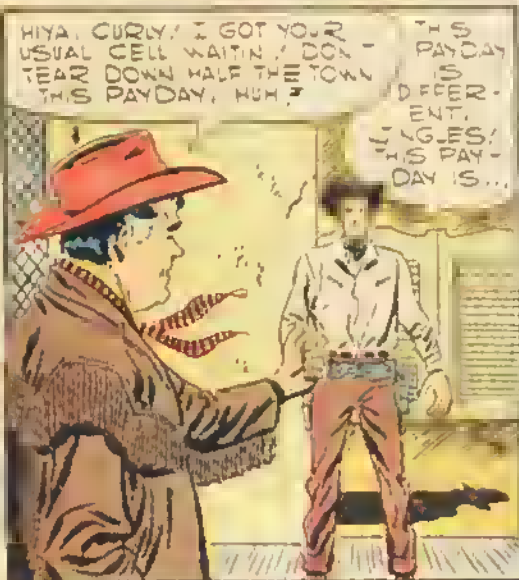
JINGLES BRAGS HE CAN BEAT YOU TO THE DRAW AND SHOOT THE BUTTONS OFF YOUR SHIRT!



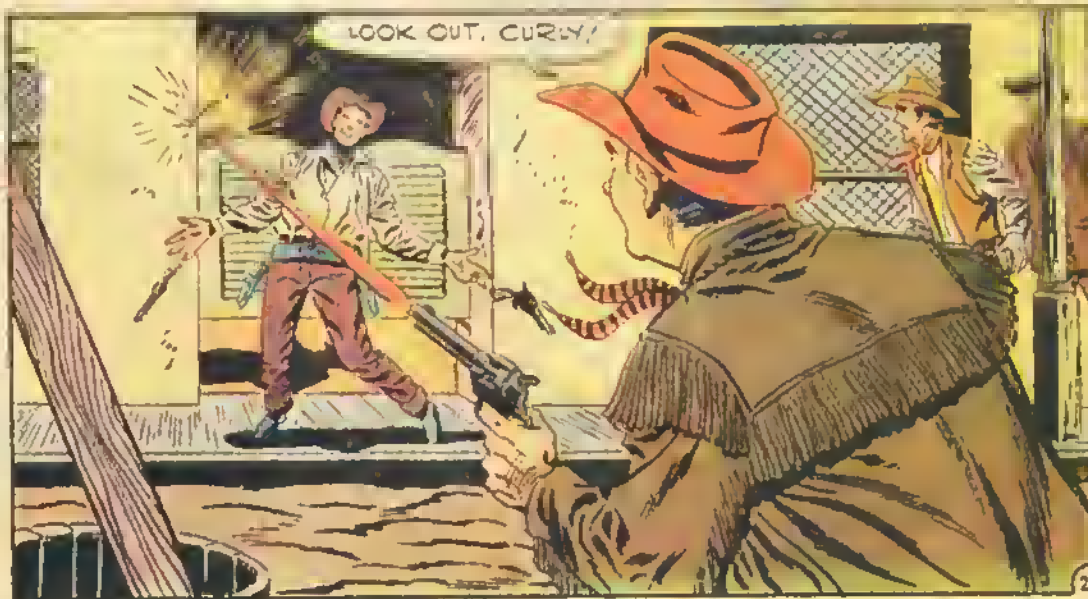
# COWBOY WESTERN



JINGLES EXPECTED ANOTHER FIST FIGHT INSIDE! BUT HE'LL NEVER GO IN FOR WALKER'S PLACE



CURLY WAS FAST BUT JINGLES HAD PLENTY OF TIME TO DRAW... BUT ANOTHER GUN FIRED FIRST...

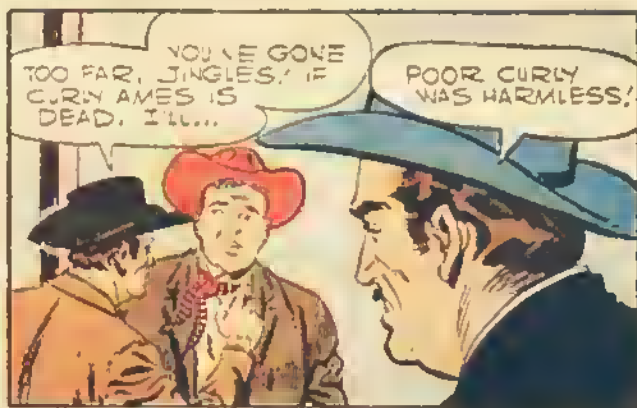


# COWBOY WESTERN



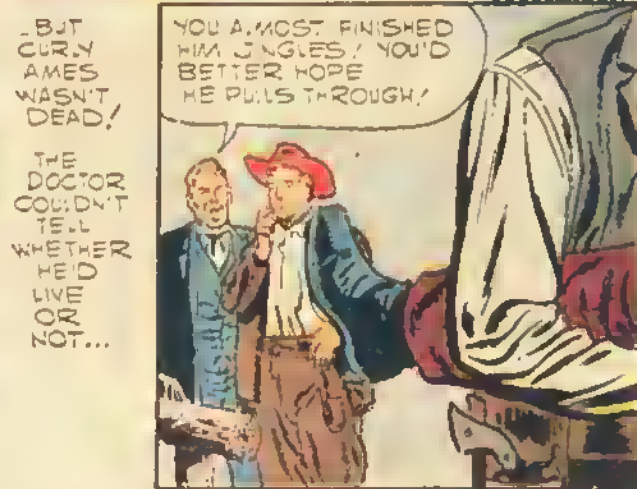
LOOK OUT, JUDGE!  
SOME RANNEY  
AMBUSHED  
CURLY  
AMES!

YES, I SAW **YOU**  
SHOOT HIM DOWN,  
JINGLES!



YOU'VE GONE  
TOO FAR, JINGLES! IF  
CURLY AMES IS  
DEAD, I'LL...

POOR CURLY  
WAS HARMLESS!



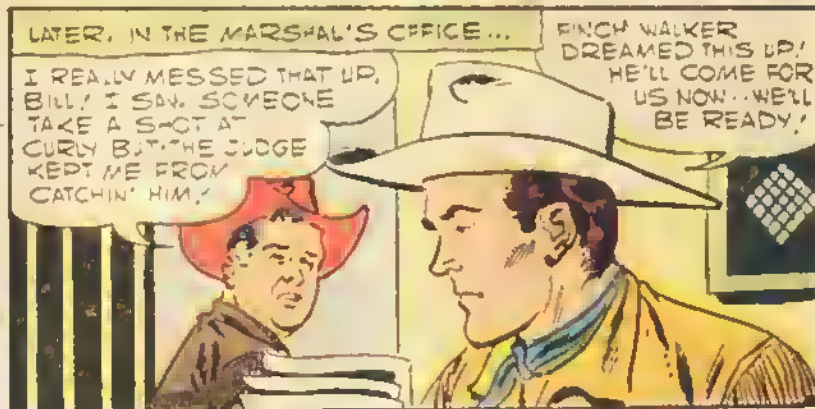
BUT  
CURLY  
AMES  
WASN'T  
DEAD!

THE  
DOCTOR  
COULDN'T  
TELL  
WHETHER  
HE'D  
LIVE  
OR  
NOT...

YOU A MOST FINISHED  
HIM JINGLES! YOU'D  
BETTER HOPE  
HE PULLS THROUGH!



I'LL TAKE YOUR WEAPONS  
RIGHT NOW! TELL HICKOK  
TO HANG UP HIS GUNS  
TOO! WE DON'T WANT  
LAWMEN SHOOTIN' DOWN  
HARMLESS KIDS!



LATER, IN THE MARSHAL'S OFFICE...

I REALLY MESSED THAT UP,  
BILL! I SAW SOMEONE  
TAKE A SHOT AT  
CURLY BUT THE JUDGE  
KEPT ME FROM  
CATCHIN' HIM!

FINCH WALKER  
DREAMED THIS UP!  
HE'LL COME FOR  
US NOW... WE'LL  
BE READY!



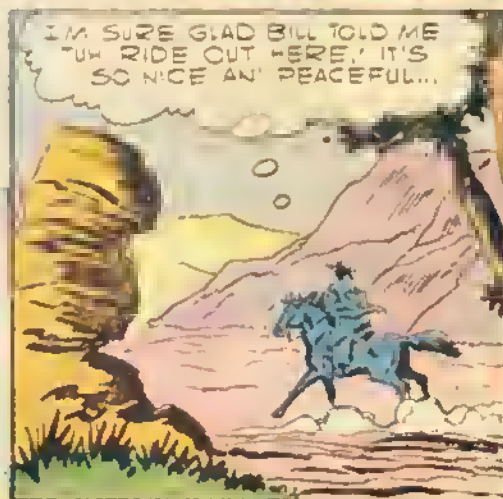
IT WAS  
QUIET  
FOR TWO  
DAYS ...  
BUT  
STRANGE  
FACES  
APPEARED  
IN TOWN!  
STRANGE  
TO  
EVERY  
ONE BUT  
THE  
MARSHAL...

THERE'S HALF A DOZEN  
GUNSLINGERS HERE NOW!  
WALKER MUST'VE SENT  
WORD THAT WE'RE NOT  
CARRYING GUNS!

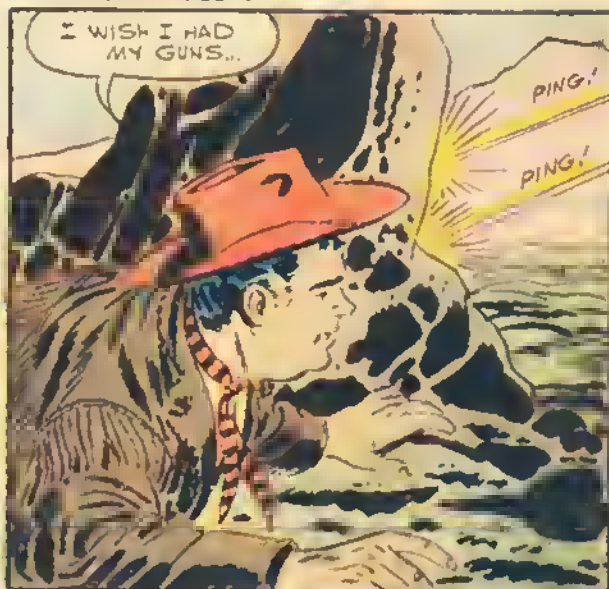
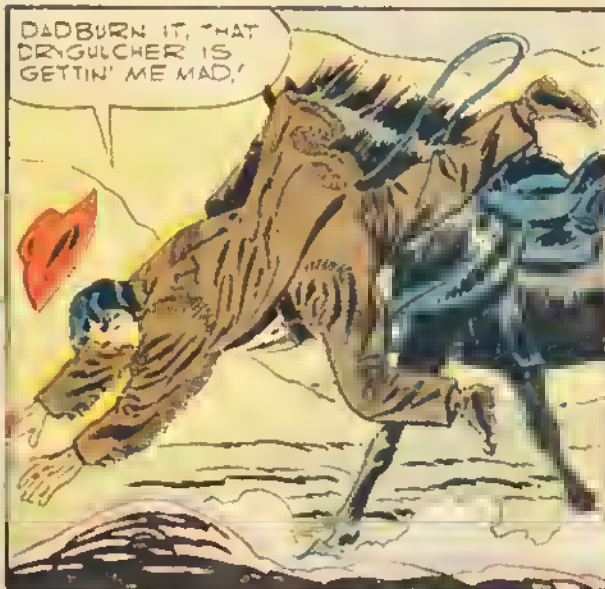
# COWBOY WESTERN



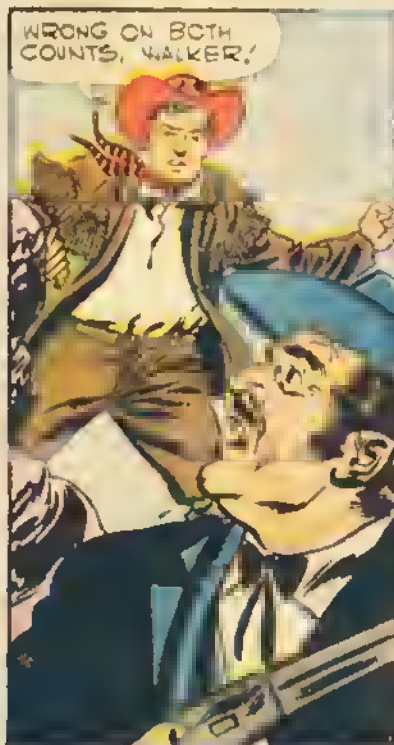
ANOTHER IN  
DAY  
BY  
ON THE  
JINGLES  
RODE  
OUT TO  
CHECK  
ON A  
REPORT  
ON  
RUSTLING  
....



# COWBOY WESTERN



THE SUN BOILED DOWN... AND FINCH WALKER WAITED FOR THE SUN TO MOVE FROM BEHIND THE ROCK ON THE LEVEL BELOW...



# COWBOY WESTERN

WALKER'S LAWYER GOT THEM ALL OUT ON BAIL THE SAME DAY. WILD BILL HICKOK AND JINGLES WAITED FOR THE NEXT MOVE...

MARSHAL A BUNCH OF ONLHOOTERS ARE ROBBING THE BANK!



WE FIGGERED YUH'D FALL FOR IT, HICKOK. WE GET THE BANK MONEY PLUS THE REWARD FINCH WALKER PROMISED FOR DONALD YOU TWO!

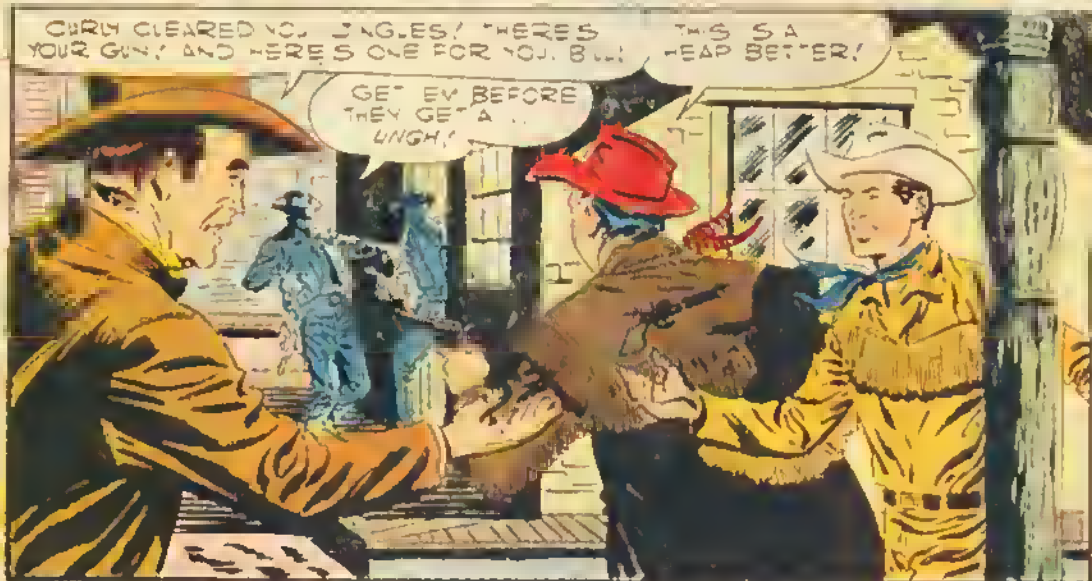


OUTLAW TRIGGER FINGERS TIGHTENED... JUST AS JUDGE FURLEY TOSSED GUNS TO WILD BILL AND JINGLES...

CHURLY CLEARED YOU JINGLES! HERE'S YOUR GUN, AND HERE'S ONE FOR YOU, BILL!

THIS SA REAP BETTER!

GET 'EM BEFORE THEY GET A LUNCH!



IT WAS WAITIN FOR YOU, VIEJOS!



HALE A DOZEN ONL- LOOTERS WOUND ED IN CELLS! ALSO WILD BILL AND JINGLES BREATHED EASY THE FIRST TIME IN A WEEK...

HEY, CHARLIE NICHOLAS'S BUSTIN UP THE CRYSTAL SALOON!

I'LL DEAL WITH CHARLIE BUT I'M LEAVIN MY GUNS HERE!



END

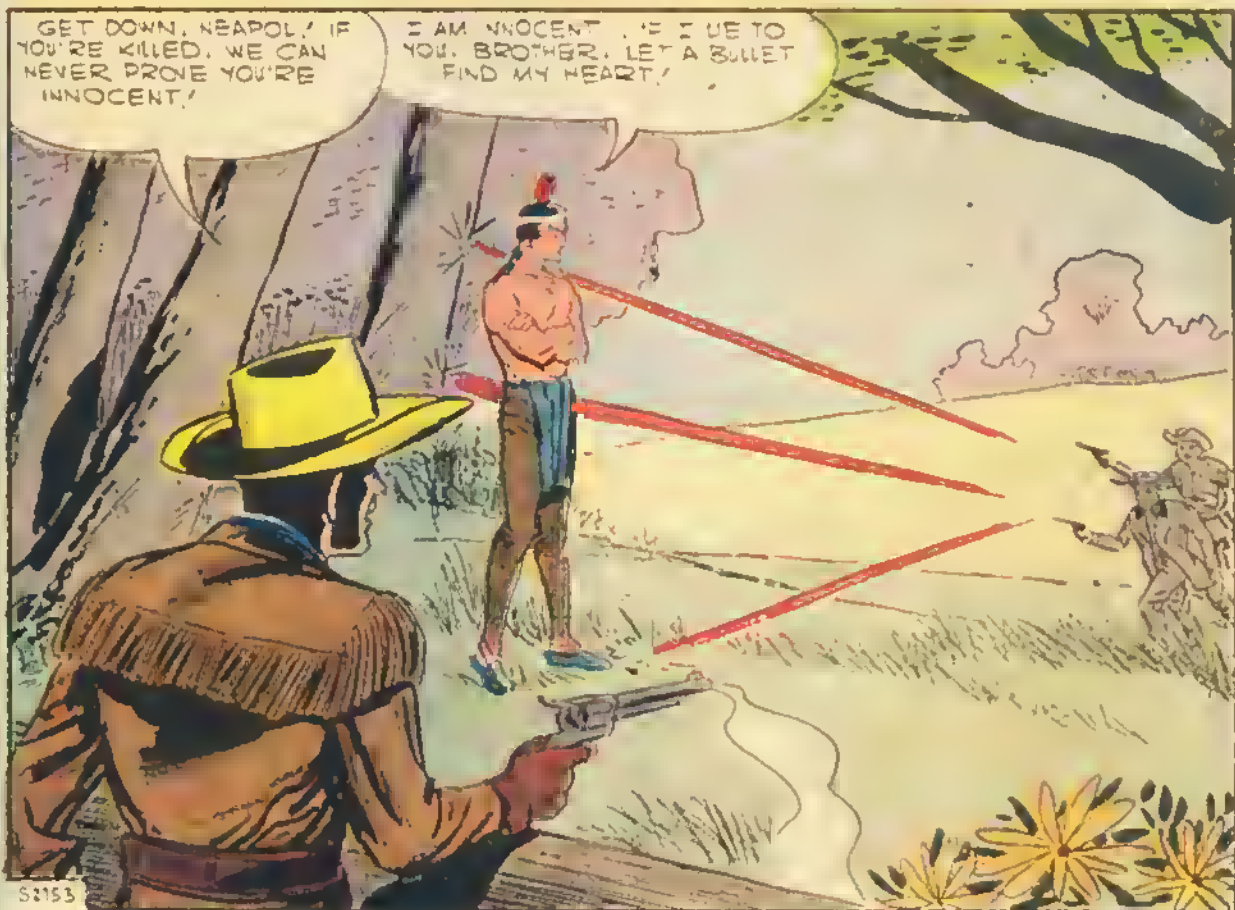
COWBOY WESTERN

# RED BROTHER

THE PAYMASTER HAD BEEN ROBBED. THE SERGEANT ESCORTING HIM WAS DEAD. AND CLETUS POOLE, THE CIVILIAN PAYMASTER, DESCRIBED NEAPOL, DUNCAN MEADE'S BLOOD BROTHER, AS THE LEADER OF THE BAND WHO DID IT. IF IT WERE TRUE, MEADE HAD TO BRING HIM TO JUSTICE... IF NOT, THE INDIAN SCOUT HAD TO LEARN THE REAL TRUTH.

GET DOWN, NEAPOL! IF YOU'RE KILLED, WE CAN NEVER PROVE YOU'RE INNOCENT!

I AM INNOCENT. IF I LIE TO YOU, BROTHER, LET A BULLET FIND MY HEART!



THE FRONTIER TEETERED ON THE EDGE OF WAR WHEN DUNCAN MEADE ARRIVED AT THE POST. COLONEL MAYES TOOK HIS REPORT...

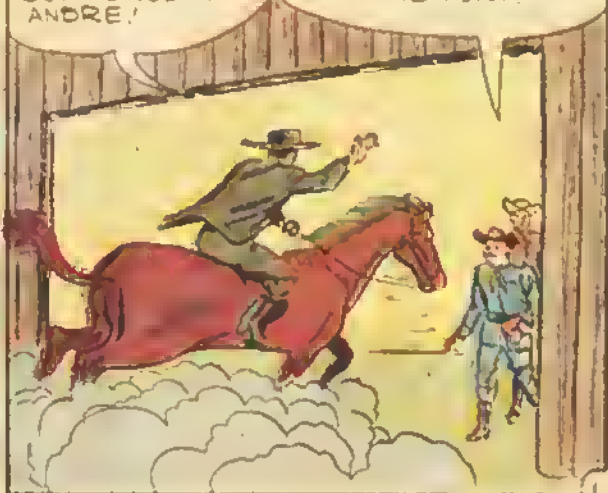
THEN YOU THINK THE SIOUX AND CHEYENNE WANT PEACE?

I SURE DO, COLONEL! THIS TROUBLE LATELY'S BEEN STIRRED UP BY WHITES.



COLONEL MAYES! HOLD UP! INDIANS DID IT! THEY GOT SERGEANT ANDRE!

WHAT? BUT I THOUGHT... GET THE DOCTOR! SEE IF MR. POOLE IS HURT!



# COWBOY WESTERN

FOUR SIOUX JUMPED US! LEADER WAS POWERFUL, LIMPED BADLY! AMBUSHED US NEAR HERE A SPRINGS!

A BIG SIOUX WITH A LIMP? THAT SOUNDS FAMILIAR! KNOW HIM, MEADE?

YES, THE INDIAN SCOUT KNEW WHO THE DESCRIPTION FITTED! BUT THERE WAS AN ANSWER BEFORE HE COULD SPEAK...

I KNOW THE BUCK, SIR! IT MUST BE NEAPOL-- A SUB-CHIEF OF THE SIOUX! HE'S A BAD ACTOR, COURSE!

THEY'VE GOT THE MONEY THEY NEED FOR GUNS NOW, MEADE...

YOUR FRIENDSHIP FOR THE INDIANS SEEMS STEERED YOU WRONG AGAIN! MASTERS IS FRESH FROM ARIZONA AND HE KNOWS MORE THAN YOU DO!

SEEMS LIKE HE KNOWS MORE ABOUT THIS HOLD-UP ANYHOW!

THE INDIAN YOU SAY IS MY BLOOD BROTHER, MASTERS! AND HE'S NO THIEF! I'LL BE BACK TUN MAKE YUH EAT MORE ACCUSATION! YOU AND POOLE BOTH!

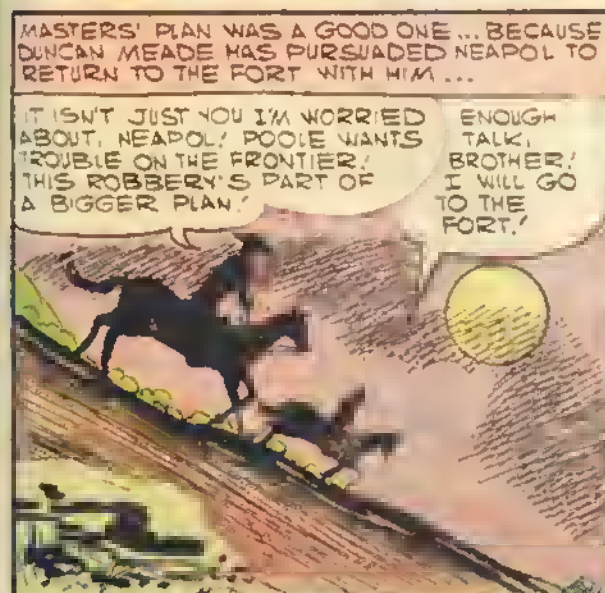
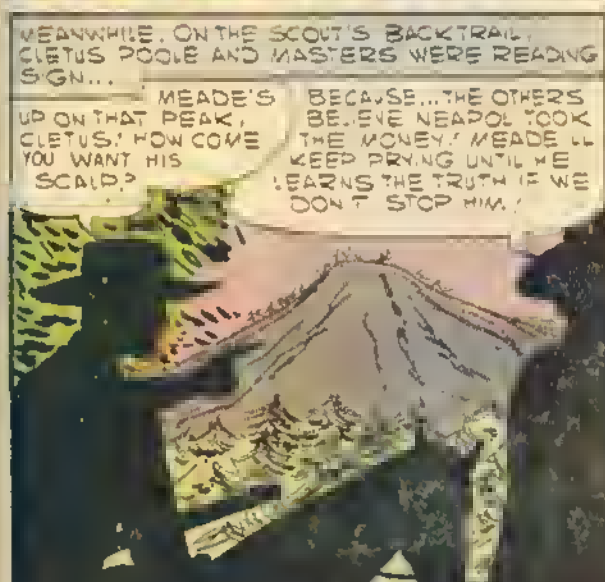
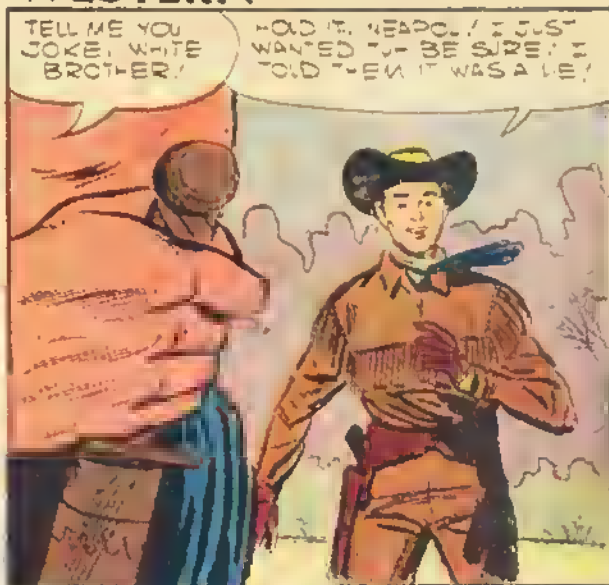
DUNCAN MEADE RODE OUT! HIS EXPERIENCED EYES PICKED OUT INDIAN SIGNS OFTEN... BUT HE AVOIDED THE ROAMING BANDS! HE LOOKED FOR NEAPOL...

THERE'S A SPRING UP HERE NOT MANY KNOW ABOUT... NEAPOL USED TUN COME HERE WHEN HE WANTED TUN BE ALONE! HE'LL BE HERE NOW!

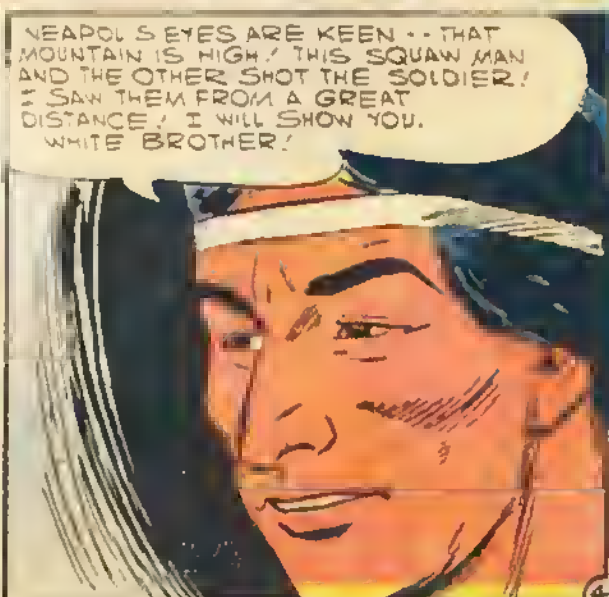
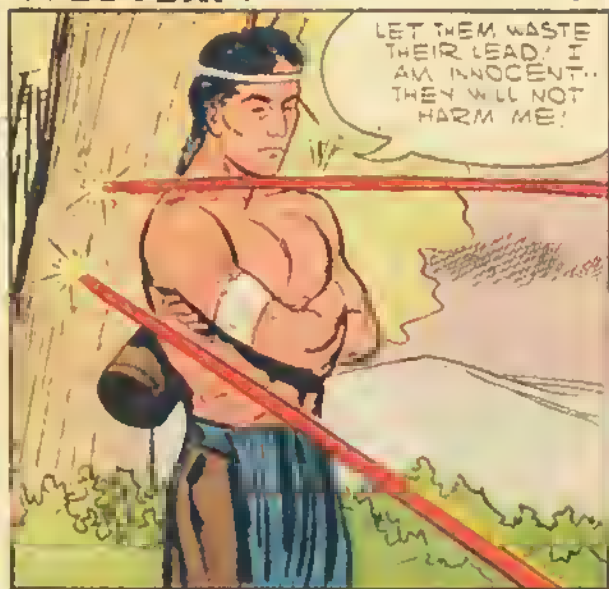
STAND, PALEFACE! YOU HAVE LOST YOUR CUNNING, BROTHER!

I KNEW YOU WERE THERE, NEAPOL! I COULD'VE GUNNED YUH FIRST!

# COWBOY WESTERN



# COWBOY WESTERN



# COWBOY WESTERN

THAT WAS MORE THAN POOLE HAD BARGAINED FOR! HE AND MASTERS TALKED THAT OVER IN A HURRY WHILE DUNCAN MEADE GOT READY TO RIDE ...

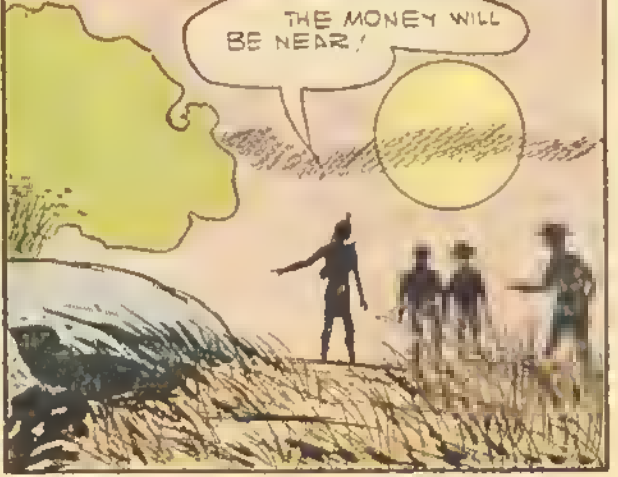
THAT REDSKIN SEEN US, MASTERS! WHAT'LL WE DO?

WE BOTH GOT - DE-OUT GUNS-- WE'LL USE 'EM WHEN WE COME TO THE MONEY CACHE!



THE HOLD-UP SCENE WAS ONLY A FEW MILES AWAY! NEAPOL TOOK THEM THERE WITHOUT WASTING TIME ...

THE MONEY WILL BE NEAR!



NOW, MASTERS!



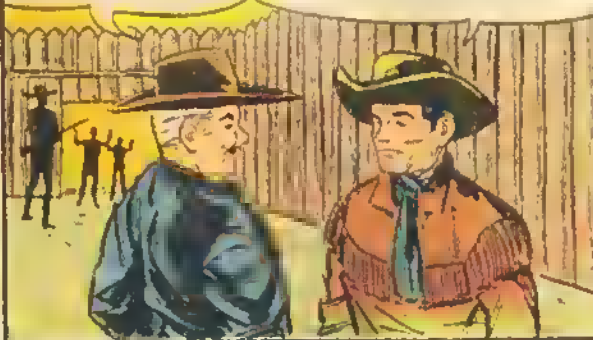
I FIGURED YOU'D TRY THAT, POOLE!



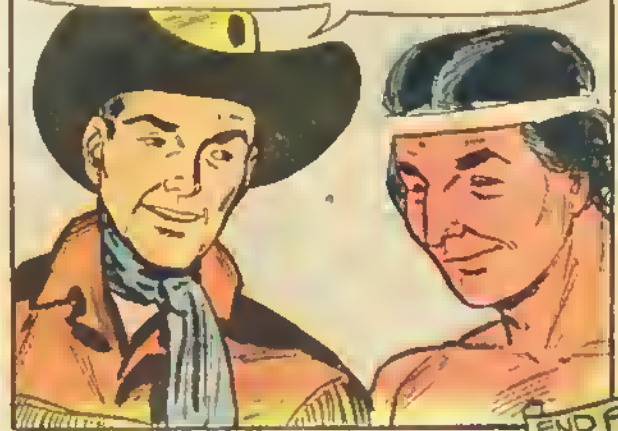
POOLE BABBLERED THE REST OF IT EAGERLY! HE WANTED DESPERATELY TO GET TO THE FORT AND A DOCTOR! HE WAS THERE AN HOUR LATER ...

SO POOLE AND MASTERS PLANNED THE HOLD-UP! BUT WHY BLAME NEAPOL?

MASTERS CAME IN WITH A LOAD OF GUNS! HE AND POOLE WERE GONNA SELL THEM TO THE INDIANS! THEY'D GET RICH IF A FRONTIER WAR WAS STARTED!



THEIR LIE ABOUT NEAPOL MADE ME SUSPICIOUS! YOU SEE, NEAPOL BELIEVES IN PEACE ON THE FRONTIER TOO! HE AND I WORK TOGETHER! WHEN THEY NAMED HIM, I KNEW THEY WERE GUILTY! AND I KNEW THEY WOULD TRAIL ME!



END

# COWBOY WESTERN

## Wild Bill Hickok AND Singles

## SHOWDOWN STREET

THE SCALES WERE BALANCED DELICATELY BETWEEN LAW AND ORDER ON ONE SIDE, AND OUT-LAWRY ON THE OTHER! IT ALL DEPENDED ON WHO WOULD HAVE HIS WAY IN THE TOWN... THE SAVAGE GIL BURKE OR THE FEARLESS FRONTIER MARSHAL... WILD BILL HICKOK!

BETTER SCOOT BACK TO YORE OFFICE, MARSHAL! AIN'T NOTHIN' HAPPENIN' IN TOWN OF INTEREST TO YUH!

SOME OF GIL BURKE'S MEN ... SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THIS!

OUT OF THE WAY... I'VE GOT MY ROUNDS TO MAKE!

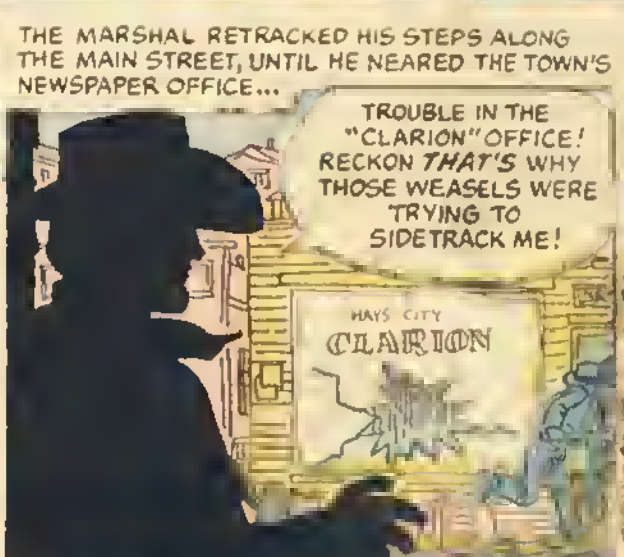
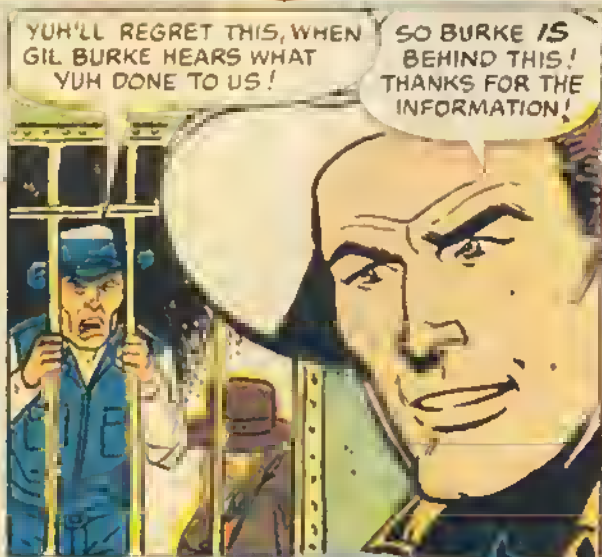
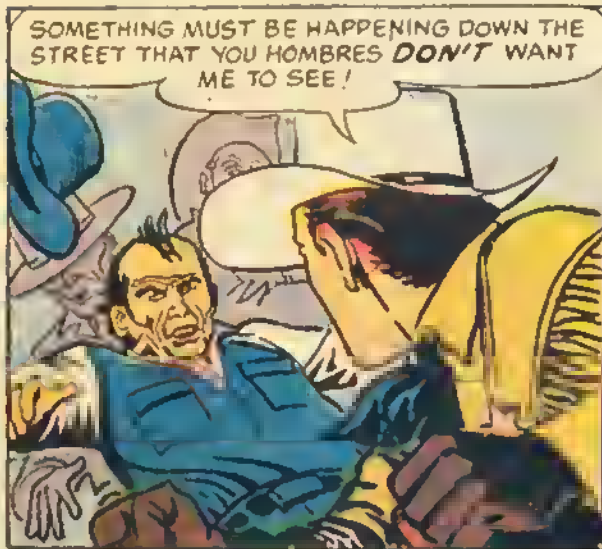
STOP HIM, BOYS!



YOU'RE ACHING FOR SOME ACTION, EH? ALL RIGHT...



# COWBOY WESTERN



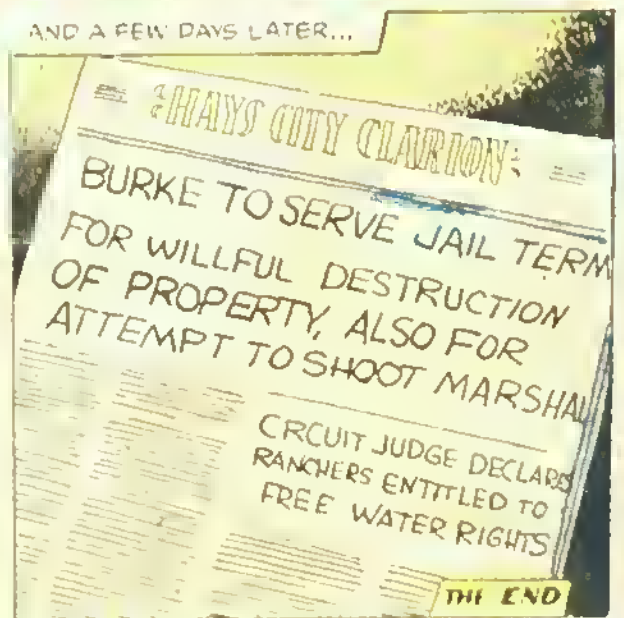
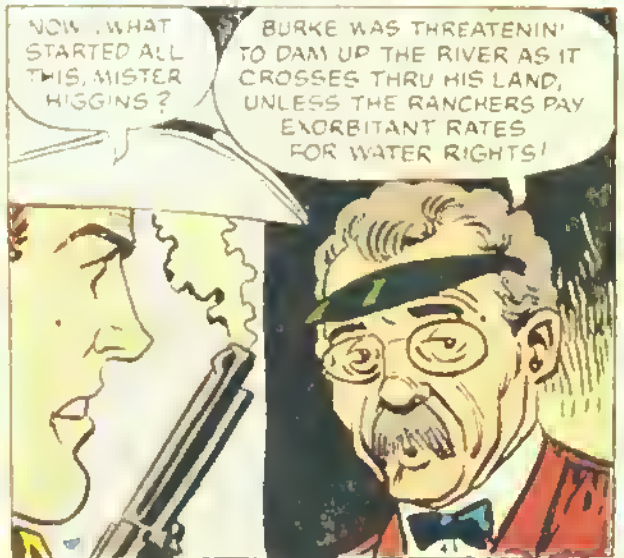
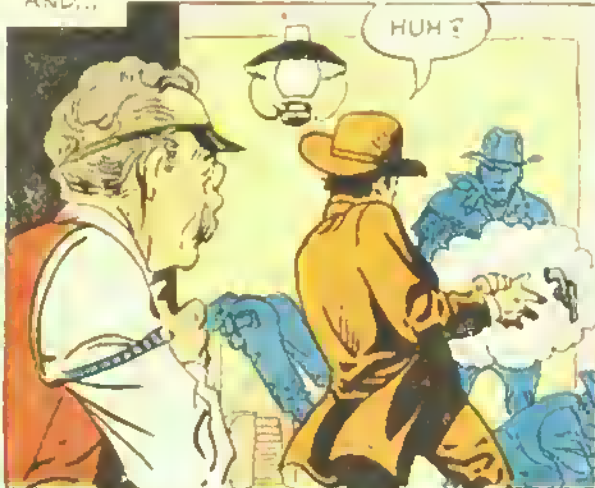
# COWBOY WESTERN



BUT THE TOUGHS WERE NO MATCH FOR THE FIGHTING MARSHAL! THEN GIL BURKE REACHED INSIDE HIS JACKET AND REMOVED A HIDDEN GUN...



THE SPEED AND ACCURACY OF THE FAMOUS SHARPSHOOTING MARSHAL WERE LEGENDARY AND...



# COWBOY WESTERN

## Wild Bill Hickok AND Jingles

at the  
**GOVERNOR'S BALL**

WHEN THE GOVERNOR'S SPECIAL TRAIN STOPPED AT RAWHIDE, JINGLES WAS RIGHT THERE TAKING IN THE SIGHTS! HE WAS LOOKING HARD SO HE SAW MORE THAN MOST FOLKS... HE SPOTTED SLIM NICHOLS, CURLY JONES, AND IKE MCGRAW HOLDING UP THE EXPRESS CAR! AND THAT WAS WHAT GOT HIM THE INVITE TO THE GOVERNOR'S BALL!

THERE'S THE CHUBBY COOT WHO RUINED OUR PLAN ON THE TRAIN!

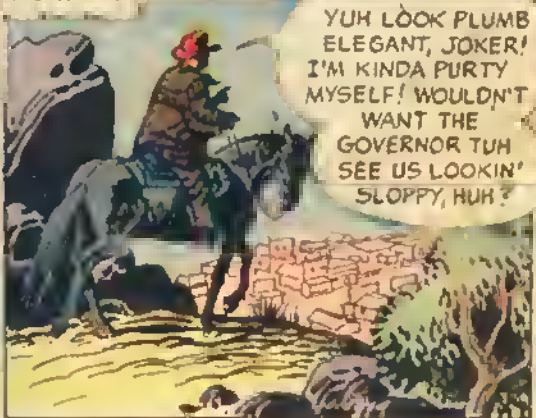
YEAH! GIVE HIM A SCARE!

DANG IT, YUH RUINED MY OUTFIT AGAIN! I'M GONNA TEACH YOU SIDEWINDERS A LESSON!



JINGLES WAS ALL SET FOR A BIG DAY WHEN HE RODE TO RAWHIDE! JOKER WAS DUDED UP SPECIAL AND JINGLES EVEN COMBED HIS HAIR!

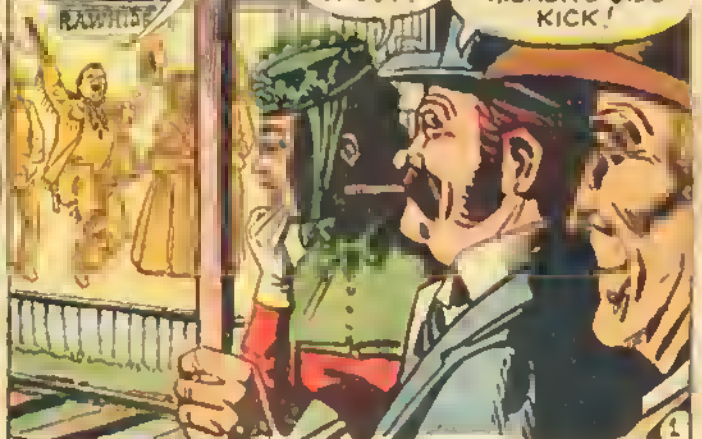
YUH LOOK PLUMB ELEGANT, JOKER! I'M KINDA PURTY MYSELF! WOULDN'T WANT THE GOVERNOR TUH SEE US LOOKIN' SLOPPY, HUH?



THREE CHEERS FOR THE GOVERNOR!

ISN'T HE CUTE, DADDY?

THAT'S JINGLES, HELEN, WILD BILL HICKOK'S SIDE-KICK!



# COWBOY WESTERN

JINGLES PUSHED FORWARD TO SHAKE HANDS FRIENDLY-LIKE WHEN HE SAW A FAMILIAR FACE... A REAL OWLHOOTER!



JEST LIKE I FIGGERED! THEM GALOOT'S ARE AFTER THE MONEY SHIPMENT!

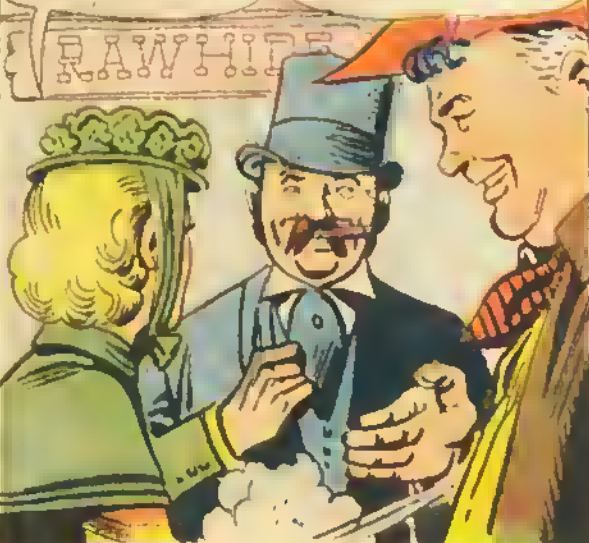


JINGLES WAS A WILDCAT WHEN HE GOT GOING... SECONDS LATER THE TRIO WERE RIDING FOR THEIR LIVES...



JINGLES IS A REAL HERO, DADDY! CAN HE BE MY ESCORT AT THE BALL TONIGHT?

SHUCKS, GAL, YUH SHOULD'VE TOLD ME SOONER! I WENT AN' GOT DUSTY FIGHTIN' THEM OWLHOOTERS!



DON'T LET THAT BOTHER YOU, JINGLES! I HAVE A COUPLE OF FORMAL SUITS ON THE TRAIN! HELEN WILL GET THEM FOR YOU!

HE'LL LOOK DEVINE, DADDY, YOU'RE BOTH ABOUT THE SAME SIZE!



# COWBOY WESTERN

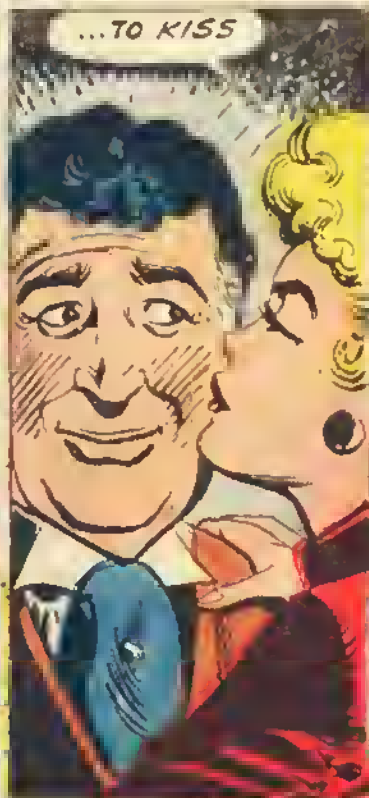
A HALF HOUR LATER...

GITTIN' IN TUH THIS RIG WAS A MITE COMPLICATED! HOW DO I LOOK, GAL?

BEAUTIFUL! IN FACT, YOU LOOK GOOD ENOUGH...



...TO KISS



YOU MUST FEEL LOST WITHOUT YOUR GUNS, JINGLES!

SHUCKS, I GOT ONE TUCKED AWAY WHERE IT WON'T BOTHER NOBODY! I'D AS SOON SHED MY HIDE AS THAT GUN!



YEP, JINGLES WAS LIVING HIGH... WHEN SUDDENLY THE BRAKES SLAMMED ON AND JINGLES SLAMMED DOWN!

JUMPIN' MUD TURTLES, WHAT HAPPENED?

WE'RE BEIN' HELD UP, THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED! MEN WITH GUNS!



HOLD IT, ALL OF YUH!

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE JINGLES RUN OUT THE BACK WAY LIKE THAT!

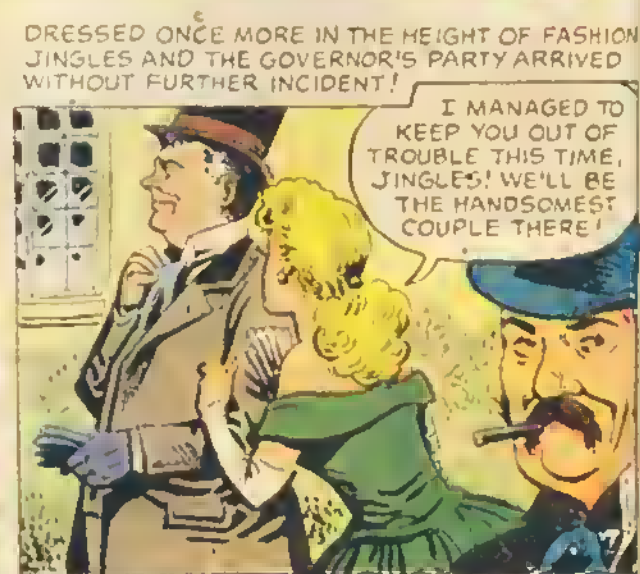


...HE DID BUT ONLY TO COME BACK IN AGAIN THE FRONT WAY!

I'LL TAKE YOUR WALLET, BIG SHOT, AND GIMME TH' JEWELS, SIS... ULP!



# COWBOY WESTERN



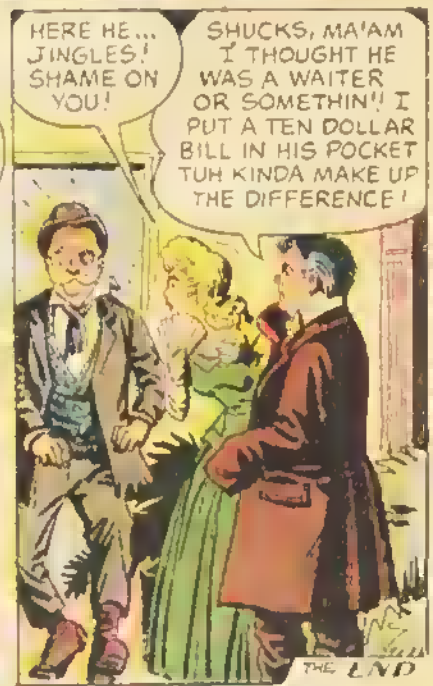
# COWBOY WESTERN



ONCE MORE JINGLES EMERGED THE WINNER... BUT, HE WAS A LITTLE THE WORSE FOR WEAR AND TEAR! ESPECIALLY TEAR...



TEN MINUTES LATER, JINGLES JOINED THE GOVERNOR AT THE SPECIAL TABLE...



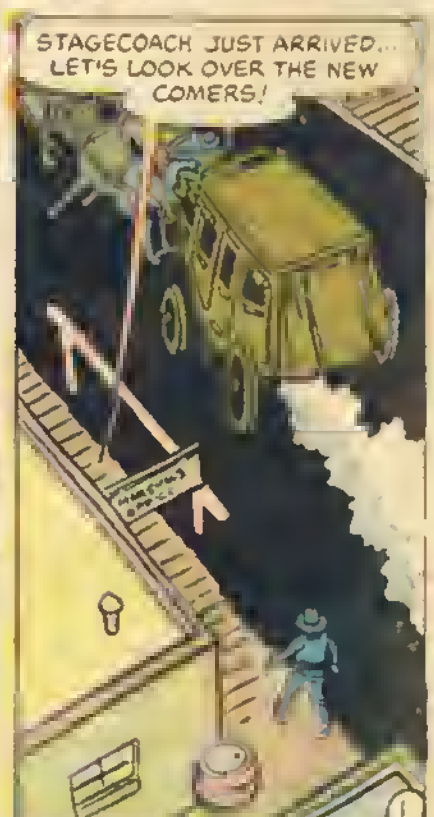
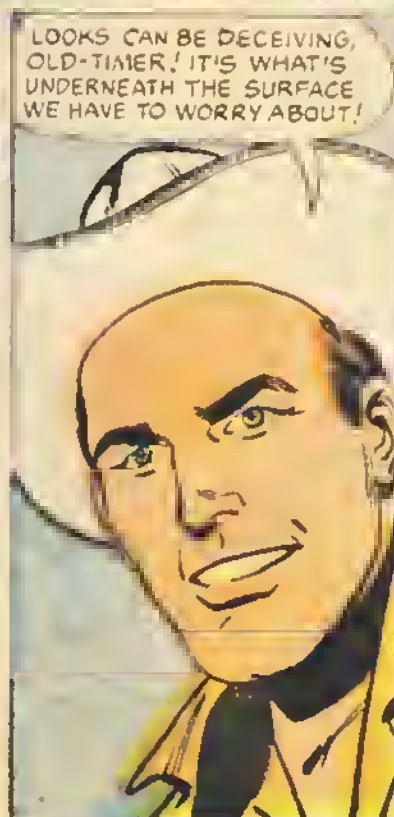
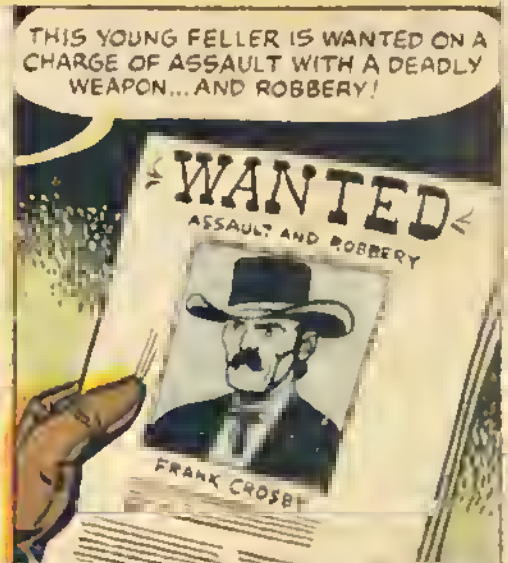
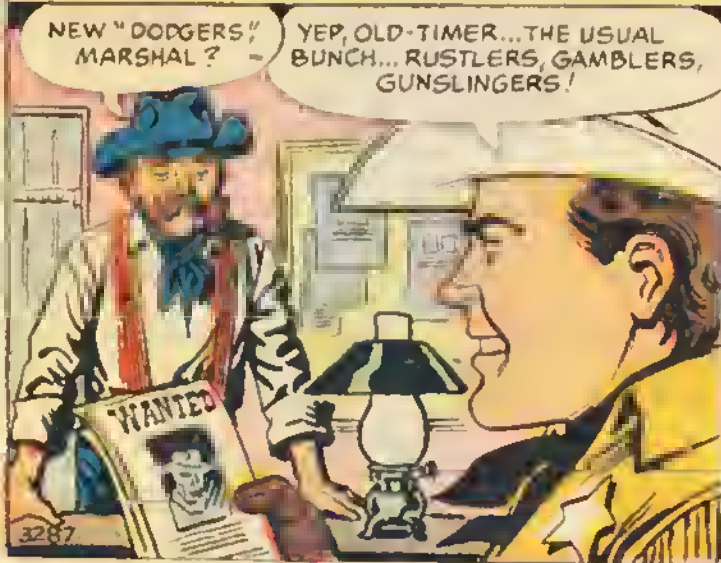


# COWBOY WESTERN

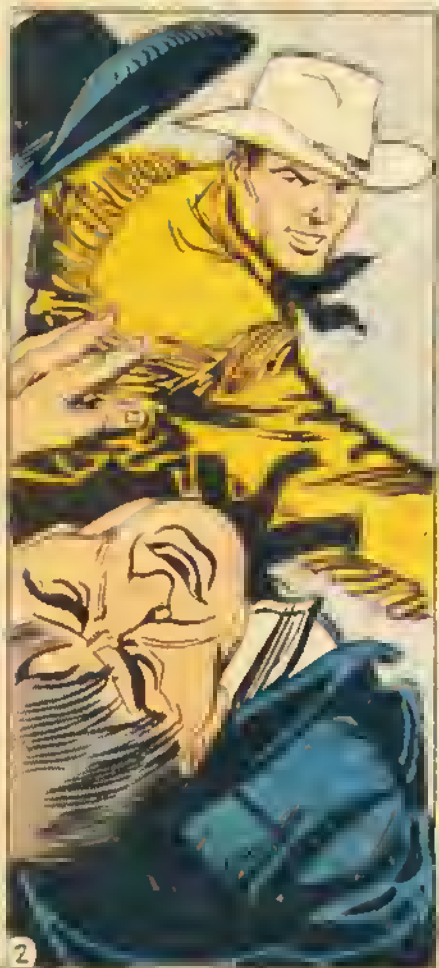
## Wild Bill Hickok AND THE JUNGLES

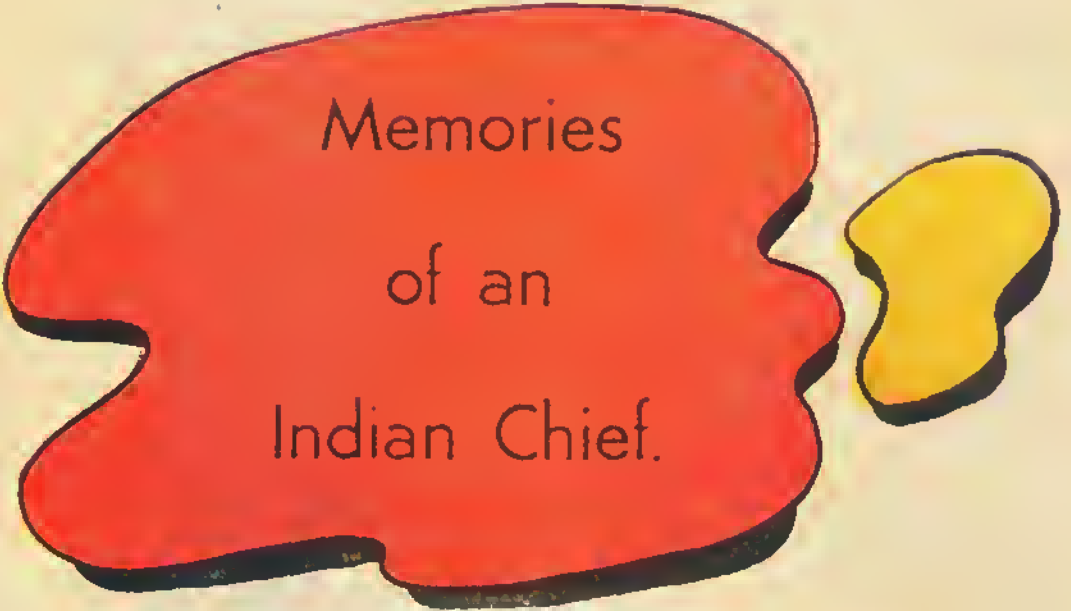
## "The GIVEAWAY!"

WHENEVER NEW HANDBILLS ON WANTED OUTLAWS ARRIVED IN THE MAIL, MARSHAL HICKOK MADE A CAREFUL STUDY OF THEM! NO TELLING WHEN A FUGITIVE MIGHT RIDE INTO THE TERRITORY UNDER HIS JURISDICTION AND THE FRONTIER LAWMAN WOULD BE CALLED ON TO DO HIS DUTY...



# COWBOY WESTERN





# Memories of an Indian Chief.

You are going to listen to a real Indian speak about things out of the past. His name is Inshita Theamba and translated, it would mean Bright Eyes. He was later a Chief of his people.

Our fathers had lived upon this spot for so built under great trees whose whispers put us to sleep and whose laughter in the fresh morning breeze awakened us. The lands of my fathers stretched away for many miles to a great river. But it was the custom of my people to live clustered together. This they did for mutual happiness and protection.

Our fathers had lived upon this spot for so many years that our oldest traditions speak not of their coming. They had fed mostly upon buffalo meat from the prairies and the fish from the river. But in addition to these which were now becoming scarce, we had potatoes and grain from our own lands which we cultivated.

Our village was built in the form of a circle. The large, clear, open space left in the very heart of all was reserved as a common playground. Here the boys learned to shoot their arrows with accuracy. Here the older youths matched their athletic skill in many a leap, handspring, and race. Here they led their beautiful ponies and matched them against each other for speed and spirit.

When I was about eight years of age, my father Khe-tha-a-hi, or Eagle Wing, determined to take the branch of our tribe, of which he was chief, upon a grand buffalo hunt. The plans were talked over for many nights around the camp fires. When at last the day came for the start, everything had been carefully arranged. There were about one hundred warriors, all mounted on their fleetest ponies. They were drawn up upon the plain when the moment came to start.

Other ponies were hitched to the tent poles across which were stretched skins. The children and the camping outfits were placed upon them. My father, when we were on the way, rode at the head of the little band on a magnificent horse. The horses' heads were decked with ribbons. The warriors were dressed in their brightest garments. The children vied with the birds in the beauty and variety in what they wore.

On one of the foremost of the sleds little Prairie Flower and I were placed. I am quite certain now that I needed no other ornament than her simple presence to make me the most attractive and envied of them all. Yet there was always the cautious reconnoitering of wooded places to see if the Sioux were there.

We would pitch our camp in some secure spot at nightfall to rest after the hard day's ride. With the first rays of the sun we were on our way again. Our course lay toward the northwest where great herds of buffalo congregated. But as we got closer, we also realized we were approaching the hunting grounds of the Sioux a powerful tribe who was at war with all others of my people.

The cause of the difficulty was the great pride of the Sioux chiefs to unite all Indian races under their leadership and control. Hence the tribes which refused to recognize them as supreme were treated as rebels. The tribe of which my father was a chief had for generations been distinguished for its scorn of the Sioux's pretensions and its successful conflict with them.

On this trip, my father's warriors were magnificently mounted and armed as well as their means would permit. They had rifles and also

bows of great length. Runners were constantly kept in advance to see if there was an ambush. At night watches were posted to prevent a surprise.

We continued on our way and finally reached a beautiful spot where we pitched our camp. Here we were to remain until our hunters had secured all the game we desired and the buffalo meat was sufficiently dried to be taken home for winter use. Every morning our scouts went out in every direction to watch for the coming of a buffalo herd.

And we had not long to wait. The second morning after reaching our camp the scouts came in shouting, "Dta! Dta! (Buffalo! Buffalo!)" I was too young to go on a buffalo hunt. We returned to our home and nothing important enough to mention took place for about two years. Then they came! We were playing when we saw four horsemen riding over the prairie towards us. They rode horses much larger than any we had ever seen before. They didn't look like us. Who were they?

Then somebody shouted, "Wa-gha. (White man)" We of course at once ran back to our village. They rode into the little open space in our village. My father received them with the kindness of a brother. Through an interpreter who was in their company, they were invited to dismount and enter our homes. The white man who seemed ahead of the others in authority said to my father:

"Most noble Eagle Wing, we thank you for your generous welcome. But we come from the Great Father on business of the greatest importance to you and your tribe. Therefore we desire a council with you and your head men as soon as you may be willing to grant it."

He wore a great coat and the custom of our people was to give a name to every prominent person who came among them. And to take the name from some some striking circumstance or object about him. I could hear the members of our tribe saying to each other as they watched him:

"U-nosh-e-chu-day! U-nosh-e-chu-day!"

This in the white man's language means Gray Coat. And Gray Coat he was ever afterward known among us. To his request for a council my father replied.

"The Indian always receives the white man as a brother when he comes in peace. We will have a large wigwam built here in the center of this open space. And in it our council shall be held. There we will smoke the pipe of peace."

The chief then gave a few words of direction and command to his warriors. They departed instantly for a swamp which was at no great distance from our village. A great forest of tall, slender trees grew there. In a short time the

warriors returned bearing upon their shoulders a number of poles cut therefrom. The huts of these poles were planted in the ground in the form of a circle. Their tops were brought together and fastened with strong thongs.

Over this framework our brightest blankets and richest furs were slung. Thus a wigwam was formed large enough to seat thirty persons. A fire of fragrant pine boughs was built in the center of the wigwam. Smoke escaped at the top. Into this wigwam the white men were invited. Then my father, dressed in all the gorgeous signs of his high chieftainship and the head men of our tribe, followed them.

All were seated in a circle on robes spread upon the ground. And before any conversation could be entered upon, the pipe of peace must be passed from lip to lip. It may now be known that our peace pipe is a tomahawk, the hollow handle of which forms the stem. And the mound top above the blade, the bowl. The extreme end of the handle is whittled down to fit the mouth. When this ceremony was completed, Gray Coat arose and spoke:

"The Great Father is pleased with the tribe of Eagle Wing. He has sent me to tell you this, also, to urge upon you to continue to be wise and friendly, that you may enjoy his favor."

I tell you all because of many things that happen, but all remain in one's memory. One thing more I wish to tell you. It was when I decided to go to the father of Prairie Flower and ask that his daughter be my wife. Then I was grown to manhood. Yet I think on the way there I acted like a child. Twenty times on my way to his wigwam I threw myself on the grass. I who had the courage to fight an attacking wolf, did not have the courage to ask the hand of the maiden whom I loved dearly. But as I later understood, this happens to many people — Not only the red man but also to his white brother.

I finally arrived at my destination. Her father was twisting a sinew for a bow string. But he understood what was in my heart and he called to his daughter:

"Prairie Flower, my child, there is a looking glass and a young man here. And they both wish to see you."

When we were married, my bride wished to make a special gift for me. She had the help of my mother. The two worked on a pair of moccasins for me, shaping and beading them for my feet. I was so pleased with this gift.

The time came later when I had to take my father's place as Chief of our people. But of this, perhaps, I shall tell you more at some later time. But for the present, Peace and Happiness to all of you."

THE END

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**TWIST INTO A THOUSAND SHAPES!**

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Made of Live Latex **200 for \$1** ADD 25c Postage & Handling

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## COWBOY WESTERN

**B**ILL COWELL HAD A LOT OF BIG IDEAS WHEN HE FOUNDED THE BULLETIN IN DEEP RIVER. HE WAS GOING TO PRINT THE TRUTH, NO MATTER WHO IT HURT! HE WAS GOING TO USE HIS PAPER TO END CORRUPTION. HE WAS GOING TO DO A LOT UNTIL HAGUE ANSON THREW SOME COLT LEAD PAST HIS EARS. AFTER THAT, HE WAS JUST ANOTHER...

# GUINSHY EDITOR



BILL COWELL'S PAPER WAS LOADED WITH IDEALS IN THE FIRST ISSUE! AND BILL VOWED HE'D BACK THEM UP!



## COWBOY WESTERN

THIS AIN'T NEW YORK,  
COWELL. YUH GOTTA  
BACK UP YO'RE TALK  
OUT HERE.

I CAN BACK UP  
WITH FACTS. I'LL  
PROVE EVERY  
STATEMENT.

Q. 20. How many times did you see the  
 man who was shot at the same place?  
 A. I saw him three or four times.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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DOZ. 1. ANSON.  
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BILL COWELL DIDN'T HAVE TO KNEEL! MAR-  
SHAL ALLEN INTERVENED...

CEMENT CO., ANSON, NEW HAVEN  
 CEMENT CO., ANSON, NEW HAVEN  
 CEMENT CO., ANSON, NEW HAVEN

YOU DON'T THINK  
ANSON WAS THAT  
ROUGH. EDITOR?  
NEXT TIME YOU'LL  
TONE DOWN  
YOUR PAPER!

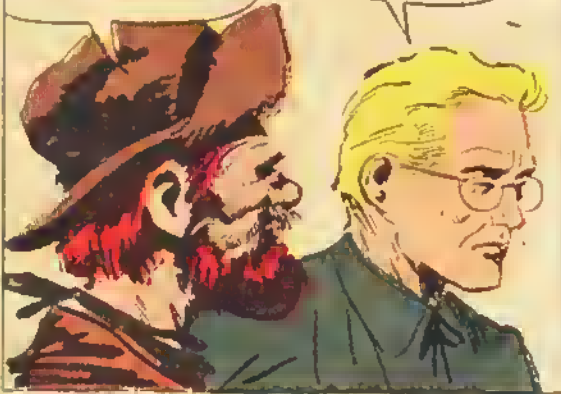
I NEVER  
 THOUGHT I  
 WAS A COWARD  
 BEFORE, MAR-  
 SHAL, NOW,  
 I KNOW.

# COWBOY WESTERN

LOCAL CITIZENS TRIED TO OFFER SYMPATHY, BUT COWELL REPLIED, "I HATED MYSELF FOR SHOWING FEAR..."

"DON'T BE ASHAMED, BULL! IF ANSON SHOT AT ME, I'D BE SCARED TOO."

"NO YOU WOULDN'T, BOY!"



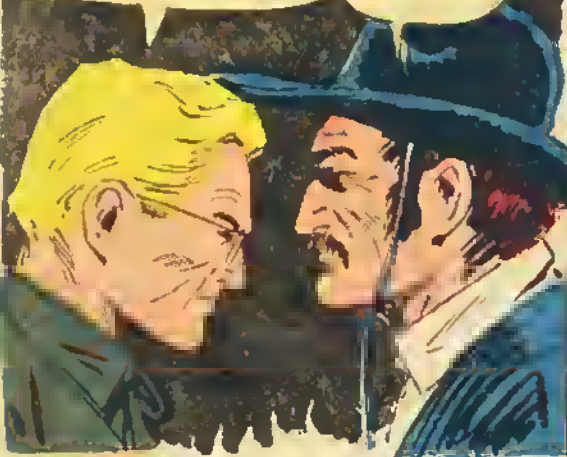
"BACK OFF THE WALK, BULL! VINTON'S LOOKIN' FOR TROUBLE! HE KIN' WORKS FOR ANSON!"

"HEY, JINK-SLINGIN' C'MERKID!"



"YOU KNOW MY NAME, VINTON! I WARN YOU-- I'M NOT BACKIN' DOWN ANY MORE!"

"THAT SUITS ME, DUDE!"



"I DON'T LIKE... OOOOFF!"



"YOU'RE NOT CROWIN' SO LOUD NOW, ROOSTER!"



"VINTON WAS DOWN... AND HE WENT FOR HIS COLT! COWELL DIDN'T FREEZE THIS TIME..."

"NO, YOU DON'T!"



# COWBOY WESTERN

TELL YOUR BOSS I'M GETTING AN EXTRA EDITION OUT, ANTON! BEAT IT!



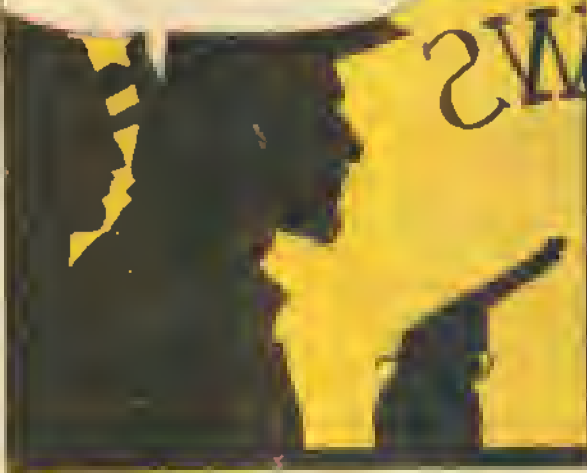
BILL COWELL WAS OVER HIS SCARE! HE WROTE A FAST, ACCUSING EDITORIAL ABOUT HAGUE ANSON AND BEGAN SETTING IT...

YOU GOT SPUNK, SONNY, BUT NOT MUCH SENSE! ANSON AIN'T GONNA LIKE IT!

I KNOW-- BUT IT'S MY JOB TO PUBLISH THE TRUTH!



I GOT YOUR MESSAGE, COWELL! I BRUNG AN ANSWER! START BREAKIN' UP THE STUFF, ANTON!



THIS IS OUTRAGEOUS, ANSON! YOU'LL GO TO PRISON FOR THIS!

NO, I WON'T! YOU WON'T HAVE THE NERVE TO SWEAR OUT A WARRANT!



BILL COWELL WENT CRAZY! HE COULDN'T STAND SEEING HIS PRECIOUS PRESS SMASHED UP, BUT ANSON EXPECTED A FIGHT AND...

NEXT TIME YOU'LL KNOW BETTER, TENDERFOOT!



TAKE IT EASY, BOSS! THE MACHINERY'S SMASHED BUT YOU'LL BE OKAY!

NO, I WON'T, BONES! GO BUY ME A SHOT-GUN! THE BIGGEST THEY HAVE!

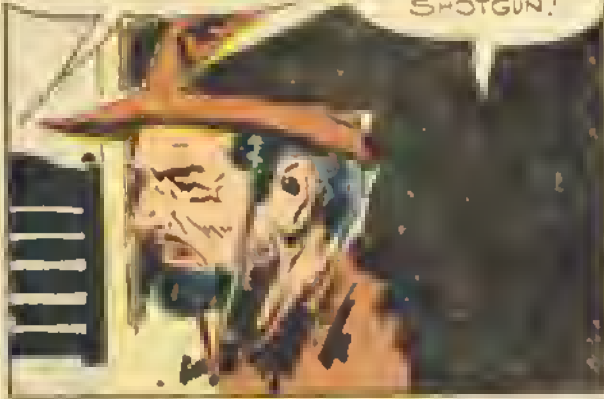


# COWBOY WESTERN

TEN MINUTES LATER, BILL WAS STILL SHAKY BUT ABLE TO WALK, AND THE NEW TWELVE GAUGE SHOTGUN WAS LOADED WITH BUCKSHOT...

HAGUE ANSON! COME OUT HERE!

IT'S THAT GUN-SIX EDITOR, ANSON! AN' HE'S GOT A SHOTGUN!



DROP THAT GUN, COWELL! YUH HAVEN'T GOT THE NERVE TUH USE IT!

I HAVE THE NERVE, ANSON! LET'S SEE SOME FANCY GUNPLAY NOW!



I'LL REALLY GUN YUH THIS TIME!



BOTH BARRELS OF THE SHOTGUN WENT OFF, AND HAGUE ANSON'S REIGN OF FEAR WAS ENDED...



DON'T DO IT, KID! I'M NOT GRABBIN' IRON!

PICK UP ANSON AND TAKE HIM TO DOC FREER. HE'LL PAY FOR THE PRESS YOU SMASHED! I'M SWEARING OUT A WARRANT AGAINST BOTH OF YOU!



BILL COWELL NEVER DID GET TO LIKE GUNS, BUT FOR FUTURE YEARS, THAT SHOTGUN WAS NEVER FAR FROM HIS DESK...

GONNA SHOOT UP OUR TOWN, PECOS? I'LL WRITE THE TRUTH IF YOU DO!

NO, SIR, MR. COWELL! WE HEARD ABOUT YOU AND THAT SHOTGUN! WE'LL BE PLUMB PEACEFUL TILL WE LEAVE!



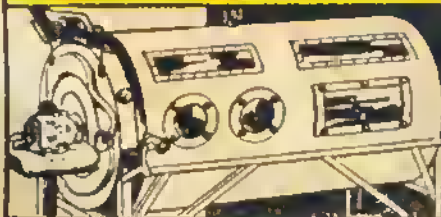
END

**F**ind the strength  
for your life...



Religion In American Life Program

**WORSHIP TOGETHER THIS WEEK**



*Survival* IS NOT ENOUGH!  
**Join** <sup>THE</sup> **MARCH OF DIMES**

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# COWBOY WESTERN

## Wild Bill Hickok AND Jingles

HUEY FOGG HATED CRIME AND HE DEPLORED VIOLENCE! A MAN WITH MANY INVESTMENTS IN THE TERRITORY, HE WANTED LAW AND ORDER! BUT NOT WILD BILL HICKOK'S BRAND! HE CALLED THEM RUTHLESS GUNMEN WHO WERE WORSE THAN THE CRIMINALS THEY FOUGHT... AND HE REFUSED TO LET THEM WEAR THE BADGES OF OFFICE!

### in THE REFORMER

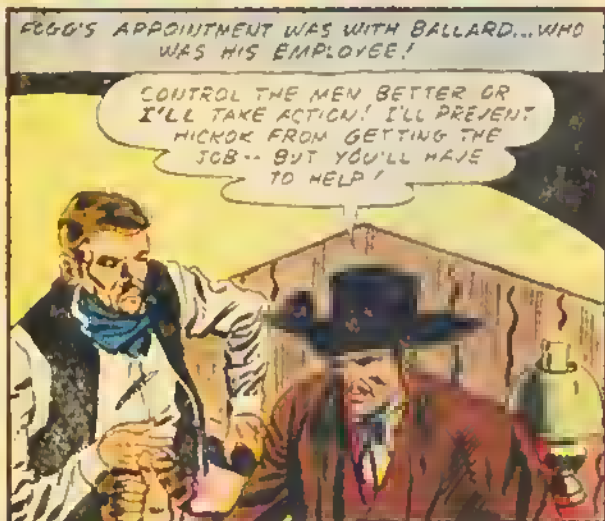


WILD BILL HICKOK AND JINGLES WERE ON THEIR WAY TO "CLEAR RIVER!" AND IN "CLEAR RIVER" THINGS WERE POPPIN' AS USUAL!



# COWBOY WESTERN

FOGG COULD GIVE ORDERS TO BALLARD, GAMBLER, SALOON OWNER AND OUTLAW CHIEF... AND FOGG HAD GREAT INFLUENCE WITH MORE RESPECTABLE MEN TOO.



MEANWHILE-- WILD BILL AND JINGLES WERE ENTERING TOWN! IT LOOKED PEACEFUL AT FIRST...



I'LL THROW MY INFLUENCE AGAINST MAKING HIM MARSHAL! EXCUSE ME, I GOT AN APPOINTMENT!

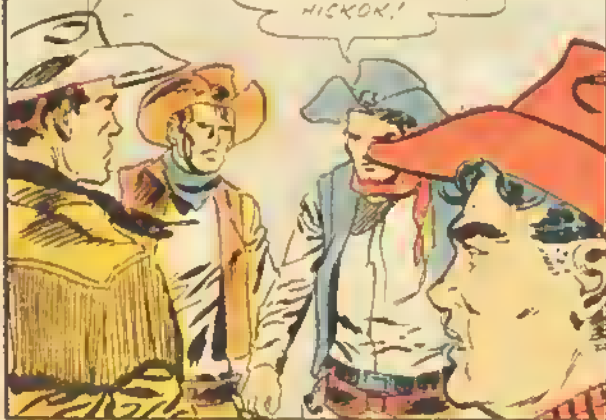


# COWBOY WESTERN

IT WAS CRUDE... BUT THE GUNBOATERS HAD ORDERS TO START TROUBLE ANY WAY THEY COULD!

HOLD IT! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

KEEP YOUR GUN ON 'N TOWN! I'LL MESS UP HIS PRETTY FACE! WE JUST DON'T LIKE YUH, HICKOK!



ALL OF A SUDDEN, I DON'T LIKE YOU EITHER, SONNY!



STOP THAT, HICKOK, I DEMAND THAT YOU ACT LIKE A LAW ABIDING CITIZEN! I KNEW YOU AND YOUR PARTNER WOULD CAUSE TROUBLE HERE!

DID YOU EXPECT ME TO LET HIM BEAT ME UP?

I EXPECT YOU TO OBEY THE LAW, LIKE ANYONE ELSE! YOU'LL NEVER BE MARSHAL HERE, HICKOK!



YOU TWO ARE PROFESSIONAL GUNMEN WHO... CWWW!

WE AND BILL ARE TIRED OF LISTENIN' TO YUH, MISTER! NOW SHUT UP!



# COWBOY WESTERN

THE FIGHTING LAWMEN WERE PUZZLED UNTIL MAYOR ANSON APPEARED! HE WAS ANGRY TOO!



HUEY FOGG HAS A LOT OF INFLUENCE HERE! HE STARTED KUCKIN' YOU TWO AFTER HE HEARD I SENT THE WIRE! HE CAN KEEP YOU FROM GETTING THE JOB!



A MAN NAMED BALLARD! HAS A TOUGH BUNCH HANGIN' AROUND HIS PLACE!



JINGLES AND HIS SIDENICK WENT TO BALLARD'S PLACE! THEY FOUND THE BAR PACKED WITH BADGE-HATERS!



IF YUH START TROUBLE HERE, HICKOK, YUH'LL WISH YUH HADN'T! I'M BALLARD!



# COWBOY WESTERN

WILD BILL AND JINGLES LEFT...AND BALLARD HEADED FOR HIS BACK ROOM! HE KNEW HIS BUSS, THE REFORMER, WOULD BE THERE!

DID YUH SEE THAT, BOSS? HICKOK'S TOUGH!

HE'S HUMAN! LOOK--THE BANK'S LOADED WITH MONEY! HAVE TWO OF THE BOYS SNEAK UP TONIGHT AND CRACK THE SAFE! I'LL DO THE REST...



IT'S HICKOK! BALLARD SAID HE MIGHT GET NOSY!



IT WAS JINGLES WHO DISCOVERED THE GLOW OF A SHIELDED LIGHT LATE THAT NIGHT! HE GOT BILL IN A HURRY...

I HEAR AT LEAST TWO MEN IN THERE, JINGLES. THANKS FOR THE BOOST!

OKAY, BILL--I GUESS I'M A LITTLE CHUBBY FOR THIS JOB!



MEANWHILE HUEY FOGG AND THE MAYOR WERE AT THE BANK DOORS! FOGG HAD A KEY!

I TELL YOU, I SAW HICKOK CLIMB THROUGH THE WINDOW! HE'S A THIEF!



DROP IT!



I TOLD YOU! HICKOK'S AN OUT-LAW HIMSELF! WE'LL JAIL HIM!

I...I GUESS WE'VE GOT TO, HICKOK! DROP YOUR GUN AND COME ALONG!



# COWBOY WESTERN

WILD BILL DIDN'T PUT UP A FIGHT! BALLARD'S MEN SWORE THEY SURPRISED HIM ROBBING THE VAULT!

JINGLES CHUCKLED AS WILD BILL WAS LED TO JAIL! HE DIDN'T TRY TO HELP HIM THEN...HE HAD OTHER WORK TO DO!

FOGG'S MAKIN' THE ROUNDS! HE EMPTIED FIVE SAFES ALREADY! HE HAS A KEY TO ALL THE BUSINESS PLACES!

THIS WON'T STICK, FOGG! I'LL BE AFTER YOU WHEN THE GOVERNOR HEARS I'M IN HERE!

I KNOW THAT! BUT BALLARD AND I WERE READY TO CLEAN UP AND RIDE OUT ANYHOW!

BALLARD, TELL YOUR MEN TO HIT THE BANK AGAIN TONIGHT; I'LL LOOT THE BUSINESSES I HAVE AN INTEREST IN! WE'RE THROUGH HERE!

YEAH--HICKOK CAN'T STOP US WHERE HE IS! THE FAT DUDE IS PROBABLY RIDIN' FOR HIS LIFE!

WE'LL MEET THE OTHERS AT THE BANK! THAT'S WHERE THE BIG MONEY IS!



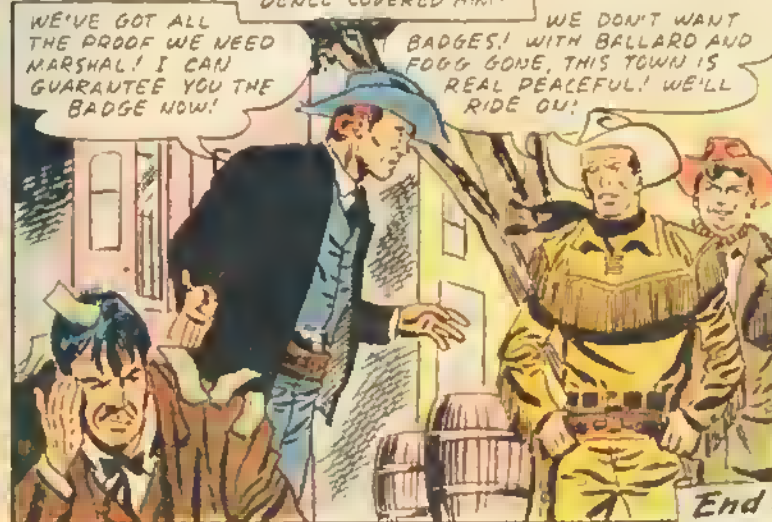
BLAST YOU, HICKOK! I'LL FIX YOU THIS TIME!



NO MORE PROOF WAS NEEDED AS NEARBY CITIZENS HURRIED TO THE BANK! FOGG'S KEY WAS STILL IN THE LOCK AND THE EVIDENCE COVERED HIM!

WE'VE GOT ALL THE PROOF WE NEED MARSHAL! I CAN GUARANTEE YOU THE BADGE NOW!

WE DON'T WANT BADGES! WITH BALLARD AND FOGG GONE, THIS TOWN IS REAL PEACEFUL! WE'LL RIDE ON!



End

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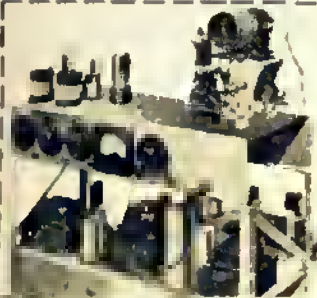
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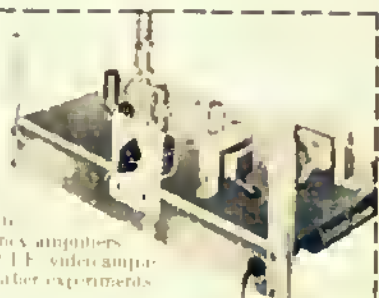


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I am Chief Engineer of Station KXEL in Mandan, N.D. I also have my own spare time business servicing high frequency two-way communication systems. R. EARNETT Rasmussen, North Dakota.

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I am doing very well spare time TV and Radio. Students have paid for TV jobs waiting for them. Paid for service out of state. J. J. SEAMAN, New York, N.Y.

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We have an appliance store with our Radio and TV servicing and get TV repairs. During the Army service, N.R.I. training helped get in a hot rated job. W. M. WEDDER, Fairfax, South Dakota.



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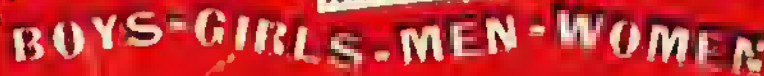
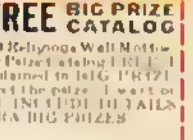
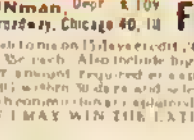
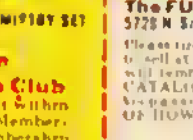
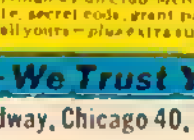
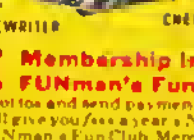
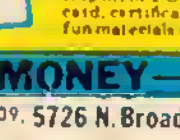
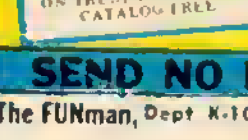
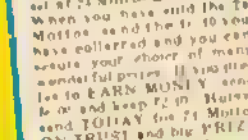
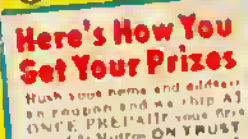
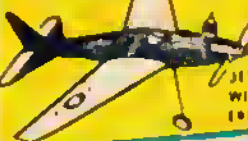
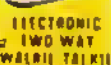
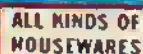
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